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Memoirs

Henry Glenwick

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A Childhood in Warsaw

I was born in Warsaw, Poland (at that time under the occupation of Russia), on May 25, 1909. I am an only child and I was born, as I was told later, in the apartment of my maternal grandparents (Schulweis), who lived at 44 Dzika Street. The name of this street was later, after World War I, changed to Zamenhof Street to honor Dr. Ludwik Zamenhof, the creator of the Esperanto language, who used to live on the same street.

I do not remember too much about my early childhood. I remember a few stories told about me since I was the first grandchild of my maternal grandparents living in Warsaw. (The oldest grandson was David Schulweis -- now living in Tel Aviv -- who lived in Plonsk.) I remember one little statement of mine quoted in the family, which I made when I was three years old and my first picture was taken, in which I sit holding a big hoop. When I returned home, I told my grandfather in Jewish: "Ich hob mich schon gelost," which means, "I let them already" take my picture. I started my very early years in a Jewish cheder, a kind of parochial school. They were teaching Hebrew, and I was told later that at the age of five I started "chumash", the Pentateuch. A couple of years later I started to have also teachers at home after cheder, who were teaching me secular subjects. My father made sure that I never had any free time to play. A whole day I was in cheder and in the evening I had my extra teacher, which most of the other Jewish children did not have.

When I was about ten I was in a summer resort, Ciechocinek. We have a picture of me taken there standing and holding a stick made from a branch of a tree. I recall a little incident while we were in Ciechocinek -- my mother met the doctor who was taking care of her after I was born, Dr. Centnerschwer. She had quite a bit of trouble after my delivery; due to a blood clot and inflammation in a leg she was in bed for about three months, and all her life she had a permanent red chronic discoloration of a part of the leg where this phlebitis was.

Skipping a little, I come to my Bar Mitzvah time. My parents made a Bar Mitzvah reception, which was not as common as it is nowadays. We had a three-room apartment. They emptied the living room and made a big party in the house, with a waiter and a cook and also a Jewish actor as an entertainer (he happened to be a brother of one of our neighbors). At that time my father had decided to change my teachers. I had been going to a cheder with a small number of pupils, where we studied Talmud with a rabbi. He had taught me "a pshetl," which means a Talmudic discussion debating a problem, to be delivered during the Bar Mitzvah reception. However, I was already starting with my new teacher -- a private teacher at home -- who also wanted to contribute something to my Bar Mitzvah and taught me a speech in Hebrew. At the Bar Mitzvah reception, among other guests were both teachers. They did not know each other, and my teacher at that time did not know that I was switching. I delivered both these speeches, the Talmudic discussion (after the fish, I guess) and a little later

the little speech in Hebrew which the other teacher had prepared for me. (These teachers were only teaching Hebrew subjects, Talmud, and commentaries; they were not teaching the secular subjects.)

After my Bar Mitzvah I had a tutor and then took an entrance exam to an evening commercial school in Warsaw. I went there for two years and graduated somewhere around the age of fifteen. It was a four-year school, very well known and run by the Warsaw Merchants Organization. At the age of fourteen or fifteen I was just studying privately Talmud with another pupil with a rabbi in his home a few hours a day. Shortly afterward, around fifteen or so, I discontinued most of my Talmudic studies and began taking private lessons at home in order to prepare myself for high school. My father somehow did not care too much for it, being afraid that I would stop being religious. He wanted me to be satisfied with the commercial career school, and he expected me to join him in business. However, he went along with my idea and for a year or two I had teachers at home. I studied all the subjects parallel to the high school curriculum. I had very good teachers; I still remember some of their names. They were good students from private Hebrew high schools in Warsaw. One of them was Kuniegis. He was teaching me the secular subjects and his father was teaching me Bible, which was also one of the required subjects in Hebrew.

At the age of seventeen I passed an entrance exam to the seventh grade, which corresponds to our eleventh grade of high school (it was called gymnasium in Poland). I attended a private

Jewish high school, the director and owner of which was an engineer named Jacob Finkel. After two years, I graduated from high school in 1928 at the age of nineteen, pretty late compared with good students today. I was a good student but I had started in a roundabout way, having entered school at seventeen.

In 1928 I went with my father and my mother to the country for the summer in a suburban place. Actually I was with my mother, with my father coming out only for Saturdays and Sundays. We were discussing what to do next, and my father again wanted me to join him in business. At that time I had a friend from the last year or two of high school who had recently moved to Warsaw with his parents. They were well-to-do business people, and this friend had decided to go to the Commercial Academy in Warsaw. Because of him and his idea my father consented to send me there, too. Since he wanted me to be a businessman I convinced him that I should at least be an educated businessman. In September, 1928, I began at this Commercial Academy of Warsaw at 6 Rakowiecka Street, which was a very modern building with a very nice auditorium. Classes were at various hours, some even at five and six o'clock in the evening. As a matter of fact I was going there twice a day although it was about an hour's ride from home by trolley car each way. It was an enjoyable experience although I had to do much traveling by trolley car since I was living in the Jewish area of Warsaw, which was at the opposite end from the commercial academy. Most of us had quarterly trolley car tickets, and we had the privilege of changing trolley cars at any stop, whenever we could, without paying any extra fare. We had a lot of fun, usually entering the trolley car at the rear entrance, going through to the front, and then, if there was another trolley car in front of us at the stop, we would

jump to that one to gain a minute.

The curriculum at this commercial academy was mainly commercial: geography, economics, insurance, accounting, special arithmetic for insurance, commercial history, commercial law, sociology, etc. It was a school that required a lot of work and regular attendance. Tests, called colloquium, were given by the assistants quite frequently. During the first two years all the students took the same subjects, but for the third year each of us had to pick some kind of specialized field, such as the consular department, economic department, or bookkeeping department. I think that I took the bookkeeping-accounting department. In order to get a diploma, after three years I had to write a thesis, on which I worked in the library going through various journals and compiling statistics during the fourth year. The subject of my thesis was the import and export trade between Poland and Sweden, a copy of which is probably still in the school library. The most important product exported from Poland to Sweden was coal, while iron ore was imported from Sweden to Poland. I spent many months on this thesis, having to take different statistical material from Polish as well as Swedish journals without knowing the Swedish language, but somehow I managed to figure out these things correctly. I spent most of this time in a beautiful, modern library building luxuriously furnished, which I will never forget. There was a red walled smoking room and, although I was not smoking, I would go out there to rest a little and talk to others when I became tired looking for hours at all these statistics.

I had very good notes during my commercial school years and I usually studied by myself, only occasionally reviewing some subjects with other students. I remember some girls with whom I was not very much involved but who very much insisted that I come to study or review with them. I did not go for it, being afraid that I would become distracted from studying; I preferred to study by myself. I was not the kind of a fellow who was dating either at that time.

I began dating after finishing the commercial academy when I was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. I remember one girl whom I met through my cousin Judith (now living in Ramat Gan, Israel); she was her girlfriend. Since she had no telephone and I had no telephone, we usually made a date from one time to the next. Once she did not come for the date and I was very upset; of course looking back now it looks very silly. I did not know how to get in touch with her, and George Lewenson (now living in Brooklyn), one of my good friends, offered to deliver a little note to her and we got together again. But it did not last too long, and some time later I dropped her.

I spent about a year until I finished the thesis for the commercial academy. When I received the diploma from the rector of the school, Mr. Miklaszewski (a previous Minister of Education in the Polish government), he was very friendly and he asked me what I was intending to do. Being a Jew in Poland I could not get with this diploma such a position or job as our non-Jewish colleagues. As if not realizing that I was a Jew, he told me very

nice stories about high positions some of our graduates had achieved. The positions they had were really very big names at that time in Poland because this was a prestigious new graduate school and there were not in Poland enough people qualified in the economics field. Therefore the graduates were offered the best positions in banking and government, except the Jews. I felt like letting him know my feelings in a polite way and told him that, after having graduated and received this diploma, I was going to study law since I did not know what I could accomplish with this diploma. I actually applied to and began studying law the following year (1932) at the Law School of the University of Warsaw. The department of law was one of the schools where there were no limitations as to acceptance of Jews. Many Jews who could not get into medical school, which I wanted originally, went into law. As a Jew you could also get into such departments as History, Mathematics, or Physics but after graduating you could not accomplish much as a teacher since most of the schools were state schools, and it was hardly possible for a Jewish teacher to get a job in a state school. The number of Jewish private high schools, such as the one I had attended, were limited because of the relatively high tuition which people could not afford.

Studying law did not require much attendance (most of the students hardly knew the professors, there were very large classes, and nobody checked attendance), and most studies were done at home from books or "scripts," which were transcribed lectures of the professors. I passed all the exams except the two subjects which

I did not study, planning to study during the summer and take the exams after the vacation. You were allowed to have two subjects left for after the summer. At that time I was also working part-time doing some accounting for the father of a friend who had a transportation business. My friend, a classmate from the commercial academy, was doing the accounting for his father and he wanted me to help him since he had too much work. So while I was studying law I was earning some money. (I had not earned any money prior to that. During the two years of high school I did some tutoring of two classmates of mine in math and Latin, but I do not think that I was paid or if I was paid something it was not much. When I was a student at the commercial academy, I was studying full-time and did not work. My father paid the pretty high tuition -- it was a private institution mostly for rich people -- and gave me everything that I needed for personal expenses. There were no scholarships nor any form of tuition reductions.)

One day during that summer following the first year of law school (1933) on the way home from work I met a classmate from high school named Szyfrys. He was also a good student in high school, and after high school he had attended the Law School of the University of Warsaw, graduating from there at the same time that I had graduated from the commercial academy. I am describing my conversation with him because it had a very decisive effect on my future life. He told me that he had decided, after having graduated from law, to try to get into medical school so that he could be a legal expert in court in medical problems, in other

words to specialize in forensic medicine. I always wanted to get into medical school, but it was very difficult for a Jew to get into medical school in Poland. Some people managed to get in with money in a roundabout way or through connections. My father could have possibly managed the money aspect but did not care for me to go to medical school, always wanting me to go into business with him. Szyfrys told me about a rumor that there was a possibility of getting into medical school without taking an entrance exam because he had a diploma from law. This was supposed to be an exceptional rule this year in the School of Medicine of the University of Warsaw, namely to accept without an entrance exam graduates with academic diplomas in other fields. We both decided to go up to the secretary of the medical school and find out whether they would accept us without exams, him having the law degree and me having my diploma from the commercial academy. I want to explain how the system worked to limit the number of Jews admitted to medical school. There was an entrance exam for everybody for medical school in Warsaw as well as for the other four medical schools in Poland. Usually Jewish students, "not being as smart as the non-Jews," failed the exam. It was a very small number of Jews who were admitted, which was actually decided by the admission officers on a quota basis. They accepted, for example, about 120 students to medical school every year at Warsaw University, about 10 or 12 of whom were Jews. They probably followed the percentage of the Jewish population in Poland, the population of Poland being about thirty million with about three

million Jews. The population of Warsaw itself had a higher percentage of Jews, about 300,000 out of a total population of about a million.

I am perhaps getting off the subject, but I should mention while speaking about the population of Warsaw that the Warsaw Jews had a type of limited self-government known as the Jewish Community Board of Warsaw. This board was running some religious or trade schools, as well as some welfare agencies for the Jewish people. They were in charge of the Jewish cemetery, which was a big source of income for the Jewish community government. When a rich person died the board used to bargain with the family, demanding a substantial price for a burial lot and the family of the deceased had no choice. It had the power to collect some taxes from the Jewish members of the community and handed over unpaid taxes for collection to the general tax authorities, which collected them for the Jewish community. These taxes were actually minimal compared to the general taxes all citizens paid, Jews and non-Jews. The general taxes were based on the total turnover of business, on the gross volume of business done by businessmen. In the absence of reliable accounting books, the amount of business for each taxpayer was estimated by special committees, becoming a source of great abuse. Although this was a general tax, paid by all citizens, not only Jews, the tax collectors were more zealous to collect from Jews than from other citizens, always complaining that the Jews were cheating and not reporting enough income.

When I was born Poland was divided for more than a century

into three parts by the conquests of Austria, Russia, and Germany. The central part with the capital of Warsaw was called Congress Poland, which was established by an international congress and was under the Russian occupation. The official language was Russian, although there were many Polish schools and Polish was spoken. When World War I broke out in 1914, the citizens -- Jews and non-Jews -- were drafted by the Russian army. At the end of the war in 1918 Poland emerged as an independent country after a brief period of German occupation. I was then nine years old, and I remember a small incident when young Polish boys in Polish army uniforms (the nucleus of the future Polish army) were disarming German soldiers in the street, taking away their weapons and letting them walk away. It is worthwhile mentioning that during the German occupation of Poland, the Jews, speaking Yiddish (a derivative of German), communicated quite well with the Germans in contrast to the Poles and took advantage of various business opportunities.

Speaking about business in general, I should mention about my father's occupation. When I was a younger child I was told that my father was working for someone else in tĕxtiles as a sales clerk in wholesale and retail firms. Later, he had his own business, very frequently with partners. He was an expert in appraising the quality of merchandise and an expert, excellent salesman. He found it difficult to get to the business on time in the morning. My mother and I were always early risers but my father always liked to sleep about a half hour longer and we had to wake him up.

Sometimes he would plead with us, "Please let me sleep another few minutes." And then he was not very quick, taking his time washing and dressing, then praying, putting on the tallis and phylacteries. About every two weeks he would go to Lodz, which was referred to as the "Polish Manchester," where the textile industry was centered and where most wholesalers from Warsaw bought their merchandise. Usually he left in the morning by train, but it would not be unusual for him to miss his first train. Since there were frequent trains he would say that he never missed a train: "If I do not go with the one, I will go with the next." I also remember that, whenever we had to go to a wedding or some other family affair, my mother was not the one who was late, unlike in most families. The two of us were always ready, my father was never ready, and we were always standing and standing, while he was taking his sweet time getting ready. He was always very well dressed and groomed, his trousers perfectly pressed, his clothing and tie impeccable.

It is worth mentioning that average apartments at this time did not have any showers or bathtubs, even in Warsaw. There were toilets and cold running water only, no running warm water. In order to take a bath one had to heat water for the bathtub or, in the absence of a bathtub in the apartment, one had to go to public or private baths. We used to go to private baths, which were not cheap nor close to the house. In the kitchens, there were gas burners, which were used for daily cooking, but there were also stoves using coal and wood, where major cooking or baking was done. The houses had no central heating, except for some new houses in

the very expensive neighborhoods in Warsaw. There were different types of furnaces in the apartments, usually high, nearly up to the ceiling, covered with nice large tiles. Fire had to be made every day in the furnace in the winter with coal and wood. The heated tiles kept the rooms warm until the next day. Usually one or two adjoining rooms shared a furnace. Most people had bins for storage of coal in the basement of the building. Some people had bins built in the apartment (in the kitchen), where they kept a supply of coal and wood.

After this long digression, let me return to the subject of my father's occupation. He spent most of his day in business, leaving after breakfast. He did not come home for lunch, which we called "second breakfast." People usually ate dinner, which was the big meal, at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. This was during business hours, so my father was busy and often unable to come home on time. If he had a client with a big wholesale order he would spend a few hours making up the order for him. If he started with the order at one o'clock or two o'clock and became involved for three or more hours, he would come home at five or six o'clock to eat his three o'clock dinner, having a headache by that time. He would then go back to business and would come home at eight or nine in the evening, when we all had a little dairy bite referred to as supper (the big afternoon meal being called dinner). My father had his business in the textile business section of Warsaw which was concentrated on one street, Gesia Street, a short block of about twenty houses, which was

probably the textile center for a large surrounding area of many small towns quite far from Warsaw. There were high-rise buildings, about four or five stories high, with most of the apartments and stores occupied by textile businesses. In the vicinity were other business centers; the next block was a famous street with silk and lace, and another was the center of the leather business for a large part of Poland. Merchants from the small towns would come here to buy their merchandise. My father's clients were from different towns and would come every few weeks to buy merchandise for their stores. When they sold out their goods, they would come back. Most of his business was on open credit and promissory notes. These were usually, with few exceptions, not too rich people and every few years some of them would customarily go bankrupt. My father would usually settle with them, writing off part of the debt and then continue doing business with them again. There were some business people in these small towns who were rich and whose credit was good and who would never default, but there were very few of these. Everybody would run after them when they came to Warsaw to buy their merchandise.

As I mentioned before, my father frequently had partners. Some of them gave him trouble, and after a few years they would break up the partnership, with resulting losses. Despite this, he always managed to make a comfortable living, buying everything of the best quality and usually being generous. In the summer we would go to the country, renting a place for a month or two, mostly my mother and myself, with my father coming out for weekends. He

was often late, catching the last train to get out Friday to come before candle-lighting time. My father liked things to be just the way he wanted them, becoming irritated and temperamental if he did not find them that way. Many times I felt sorry for my mother, who was the calmer and quieter type who was trying to please her dear husband. She was a good-natured person and was liked very much, not only by close relatives, but by many distant relatives and neighbors. When I came to this country in 1946, my uncles Irving and Maurice Schulweis spoke about her with love and deep affection. She was the oldest daughter; there were two daughters and five sons in the family. She was the next to oldest child and like a mother to her brothers, since my grandmother was a rather selfish person and relied a lot on my mother in the care of the family.

My father got along quite well with most of my mother's brothers. I recall with affection one of them, uncle Jacob, who was a very fine and intelligent person. He was once in a business partnership with my father, and they remained forever very close. Jumping ahead for a moment, I recall meeting him when I came back to the Warsaw ghetto in 1942, when he told me with a broken heart that the Nazis took away both his sons. He never saw them again. A year later he, as well as all the other Jews in the ghetto, were taken away and perished. Another of my mother's brothers, Mayer, also was once in partnership with my father, but this partnership did not last long and did not end too happily. Once the partnership broke up they never spoke to each other again.

Although the fathers never made up, the families made up later and I would go to Mayer's home, where I met my first girlfriend, a friend of Judith (uncle Mayer's daughter). Judith's older brother David (now living in Tel-Aviv) left home for Israel (then Palestine) at the age of sixteen or seventeen as a "halutz" (pioneer) and never returned to Poland.

My mother had one sister, younger than herself, Cesia. She lived in a small town near Warsaw where her husband had a business. They had two daughters. When the Germans occupied Poland during World War II and chased out all the Jews from the small towns, Cesia's family lost everything and came to Warsaw. Later they were exterminated in 1942 or 1943 together with most other Jews. Their younger daughter, Judith, (like my mother named after the same great grandmother) stayed with my parents; my mother had practically adopted her like a daughter since I was at that time married and my parents were alone. She stayed with my parents almost until the very tragic end of Warsaw Jews. I will come back to this in detail later on.

I was not as involved with my father's family, although I was close with some of them. After my Bar Mitźvah I went for a summer vacation to Ostrowiec, where my father had a sister (Ester Sherman) and where my father's oldest brother Isaac was living. There I had a very nice summer; I remember having two dinners a day. Since these two families were in different kinds of businesses, one had dinner at two o'clock in the afternoon and the other at seven or eight o'clock in the evening. Between the two of them I had to eat

two dinners each day.

Another brother of my father, uncle Nisen (Nathan Glenwick's father) lived in a small town near Warsaw, Girardov. My mother would speak about him with affection and respect. He was a very fine person and also a very handy man. He had a beautiful handwriting in Jewish; I remember his handwriting since for years my father kept one of his letters in a drawer. He worked for many years in his brother-in-law's flour mill in Lowicz. Unfortunately, Nathan's father died of pneumonia in 1928 at a relatively young age. By the time the news of his death reached my father, it was too late to get to the funeral by train. My father went by taxi from Warsaw to Lowicz, straight to the cemetery. My cousin Bronia Neiman, went with him to the funeral. They hardly made it in time for the burial. After he came back, my father was sitting shiva in the country, where we were spending the summer. Bronia Neiman was the daughter of my father's sister Rifka, who was a warm, good-natured person. Bronia's youngest brother, Rubin Zinger, left for Israel (then Palestine) quite a few years before World War II. Another brother of theirs was Natan Zinger, who had a fine jewelry store in Warsaw, in the non-Jewish area. I visited him on many occasions when I was a medical student, since his store was not far from the Anatomy Institute. He was a watchmaker and he learned his trade from our uncle Moshe, another of my father's brothers. By the way, this uncle's son, Shlomo Glinowiecki, is now in Los Angeles and, before his arrival in the United States, he was living in Venezuela, where he spent the war years.

To complete my family history, I should mention my mother's brothers, uncle Maurice and uncle Irving, whom I met when I came to this country and whom I did not remember because they left home when I was a very young child. Both of them left Poland to avoid military service in the Russian army, which was much tougher than in any other army and lasted longer. Maurice left around 1913 for the United States, and Irving left before. Irving was in Belgium and England before arriving in the United States. He was a jeweler by trade -- a diamond setter, and also an engraver -- and could do beautiful art work in gold and jewelry. He also used to make beautiful drawings. I was told that they wanted to accept him in the Warsaw School of Fine Arts, where he was tested and offered some kind of scholarship, but my grandfather, as an Orthodox Jew, would not go along with that. He was considered to be a very good son, contributing from his work to the maintenance of the family, although my grandfather, most of the time, did fairly well, being in the jewelry business (like all his family, going way back to my great-grandfather). On the other hand, Maurice was an amateur Jewish actor, who went in a different direction, not being a working man and never having any trade. He had other kind of interests, traveling with various theatre troupes and apparently performing. He enjoyed reciting in Jewish and was well read in Jewish literature. Uncle Irving came on a visit to Warsaw from London before my Bar Mitzvah, in 1922; he was the one who took a picture of me on the balcony of my parents' apartment. At the same time Maurice came home from New York after many years. Actually

* although they were in Warsaw at my Bar Mitzvah

they would have never been able to come back if the Russian government were still in power. Since Poland had become an independent country in 1918, they were able to visit in 1922. It was a very happy event for my grandmother Schulweis and the entire family.

After having digressed to describe my family background and some details about the Jewish population in Warsaw, I should return to my situation in 1933 when I and my friend Szyfrys went to see the secretary of the Dean of the University of Warsaw Medical School concerning our possibilities of getting into medical school. By applying for admission under the usual set of rules, including the entrance exam, etc., we would never had made it, simply because we were Jews. He told us that there was a possibility that the school would try for one year to accept anybody who already has an academic diploma and not make them take the entrance exam, provided that there were not too many candidates. The two of us applied and kept it a secret. I did not tell my parents, at least not my father. One day, my friend Szyfrys called up my father in the store (we had no telephone at home) and told him, "You know, your son was accepted into medical school." My father did not know from anything. But when I explained it to him, he was very happy since business had not been very good for a few years and he knew that I did not really care for the business, although I knew enough about business from practice and theory.

It is difficult to describe, compared to present-day circumstances, what an event it was for a Jewish boy or girl to be

accepted to a medical school at a university in Poland. Many of us wanted to study medicine, and whoever could afford it had to go abroad to France, Italy, or other countries. This was possible only if the parents wanted and could afford it. Some went even when their parents could not afford it. Along with their studies in a foreign language, they had to find work and struggle, working and trying to learn the language of the particular country; it was quite a hardship. Then, when they came back to Poland with their diploma, they had to repeat all their exams. The Polish government did not make it easy for them, as it took a year or two before they were even admitted to take all these exams, which was called "Nostryfikacja." Nostryfikacja refers to validating a diploma received in a foreign country. The medical schools abroad were probably as good, if not better, than the schools in Poland but the Polish government made it difficult for the Jews in every possible way. The reason why many of the young Jewish people were anxious to get into medicine was that there were not many other professions open to the Jews. One could not accomplish much, as a teacher -- one could not get a job in a Polish state high school. Nor could one get a job with a large institution, firm, or bank, and certainly not get a government job. The only occupation left was business or a trade, for which people with education did not care much. Everybody tried to be in a type of an independent profession where he would be on his own and there were only a few choices -- to be a doctor, lawyer, or dentist. Dentistry was just as difficult to get into as medicine. It was easy for Jewish

students to get into the law school at the University of Warsaw or other Polish university. However, there was still another step required in order to become a lawyer -- an apprenticeship. At first, work with an established lawyer was sufficient for the apprenticeship. Later on, work in court, as a clerk, for a few years (I believe two) was required to be admitted to the practice of law. It was difficult to get such a clerkship. When a Jewish graduate became a lawyer, there were limited opportunities, compared with non-Jewish lawyers, mainly private practice. Since there were large numbers of Jewish lawyers, many of them went into something else (such as real estate), being unable to make a living practicing law.

As I mentioned before, about 120 students were accepted every year to medical school. Besides this there were a number of military students, who were exclusively non-Jewish. They were in Army uniforms; the Army paid for their education and they were obligated to be in military medicine for a few years after graduation. The medical curriculum was two years of basic studies followed by four years of clinical studies. It started with physics and chemistry, with exams after the first year, and other subjects (anatomy, histology, embryology, physiology) with final exams after two years. Following this, the next four years involved mostly clinical subjects -- lectures and work with patients in hospitals. The most impressive thing that stays in my mind was the first day in the anatomicum as we walked in to work on the cadavers. There were six students assigned to each cadaver

lying on a marble table, with each pair of students assigned a different part of the body. The first year we had to dissect the muscles, of course, after taking off the skin. I remember one incident from this work. I was working with another student (Maximillian Laumberg, who I believe is now in Australia) on an arm. The arm had quite a bit of fat under the skin. By regulation we were supposed to take off the skin first, very carefully, without taking any fat along with the skin. As this required a lot of time, we thought that we could be smart and get away with removing the fat and the skin at the same time, in order to get to the muscles. They caught us on this and we had to do the whole arm over. Also I will never forget the orderly or attendant of this anatomicum (Lucian), who was in charge of the cadavers. The cadavers had to be put away after work in a big basin with formalin and put back on the same table before the next session.

Despite having a lot of work and study and not having been previously much involved in social life, somehow together with my classmate Szyfrys and other friends we organized a Jewish Academic Literary Artistic Club. The name sounds impressive but actually we just wanted to have a little fun. I do not remember how we managed financially, although I was the treasurer. We rented a large hall, in the center of Warsaw, in the Theatre Square, near the opera and all the theatres. There we had lectures, dances, and meetings. We had quite a big crowd of students, not only from medical school but also from other academic schools in Warsaw. There I met my future wife, Helen Rosenfein, who was a graduate of

the Commercial Academy, the same one from which I had graduated in 1932. I believe she had graduated a year later than myself, but I had never met her at the Commercial Academy. We began dating. Usually I would meet her on Saturday evenings at the other end of Warsaw because she was taking English language courses there. I got there by trolley car. We would take a long walk for a couple of hours on the way home. It was winter but we did not mind this. We became more friendly but I did not have much time to go out, so she would meet me when I was leaving after my anatomicum classes. We would go home by trolley car, enjoying each other's company on this one-hour trip. She would frequently rewrite my notes from classes to make it easier for me later when I had to study for exams. Once she mentioned that, when she had read the previous year's list of students accepted to medical school (a friend of hers had been accepted that year, too) and had come across my name, she had not thought I was a Jew. My name was Gliniewiecki (purely Polish), but I still could not understand why she did not know that I was Jewish because my first name was Hersz.

We became very friendly, but still I was not invited to her home for quite some time. Things were different than nowadays, and you had to be going out for a very long time before you addressed each other by first names. I do not remember which of the summers it was (probably the second summer after we met) that her parents rented a bungalow for the summer season in a suburban place, and I had somehow convinced my parents to also rent a little summer place in the same area so that we could be together during

the summer. Despite being only a third-year medical student, we decided to get married. She was an only child, and her parents were very well off and had quite a large apartment. We thought that we could just get married and have a room in their apartment; this would be enough for my student years. I asked her parents and they accepted my proposal. After that I began visiting their home quite regularly. Usually after I finished my evening studying, I would visit Helen and then we would have together with her parents our dairy meal at about eight in the evening. I used to spend a lot of time at the table talking with her father, whom I always admired. He was a very friendly and very well-read man. They used to take books from the library and usually exchange them after a day or two. Helen would read them during the day, and her father would read them late at night. He was a very pleasant, intelligent, good- natured, fine person.

My budget was quite limited. I was working at that time as a salaried general secretary of the Jewish Medical Student Organization, which was a separate organization from the non-Jewish Medical Student Organization. The Jewish students from all the other schools of the university had one organization jointly, but we Jewish medical students had our own separate organization. I worked there a few evenings a week. It was a very active organization recognized by the School of Medicine and the university as the representative of the Jewish students. The organization helped financially some students with limited means, also dispensing tickets for dinners at reduced prices in the

kitchen of the general Jewish Student Organization of the university for out-of-town students. I do not remember where this money was coming from, as there was hardly any subsidy from the university or anywhere else. We held our own affairs, which were very popular and a source of income. Girls liked to come to these affairs hoping to meet a future doctor. We had a very well-publicized summer camp in a resort on the Baltic Sea beach, where any student (not necessarily medical ones) could spend a month. This was a hot season of work for me, as I was taking care of the organization's financial aspects, preparing final lists of the campers and payments, and sending the lists out to the camp manager with the last train around midnight before the people were to arrive. This camp was one of the organization's main sources of income.

Whatever I earned was adequate for my personal needs, I did not feel like taking from my father, and I certainly did not feel like taking from my father-in-law. Helen was getting some money from her father; we were planning to live on a very thrifty budget when married. We married in the beginning of September, 1936. It was stylish for students not to have big weddings, even though the parents wanted this. They would be married in their sports clothes by a rabbi, with a couple of close friends and family present, and then go on their honeymoon. Our parents, and in particular my future father-in-law, were pleading with us, since they had only one child and wanted to have a wedding. We went along with this but refused to have a large wedding in a special

hall with music. We had quite a nice reception in their apartment, without music. A rabbi came and performed the ceremony and then there was a nice dinner for members of our families. Among other people there were Eva Bornes's mother with her oldest daughter, Anna (she died before the war of pneumonia).

We went for our honeymoon to a resort place, Krynica, and both our parents came to see us off at the main railroad station. It was a very popular and nice resort place in southern Poland, with baths, mineral waters, and luxurious hotels with entertainment. One of the best known hotels was Patria, owned by the Polish opera star, John Kiepura, who built it for his parents. There were only two big, nice kosher hotels in Krynica. One was Frankel's and the other, where we stayed, was Kryniczanka. There we spent a few weeks, over the Jewish holidays. I still remember how beautiful the holidays were observed there; of course, there were Jewish services. Among the prominent guests was a senator of the Polish Parliament, Mr. Salo Budzyner, who was a Levi like myself. He got an "aliyah" one day and I got one on the second day of Rosh Hashanah. For Rosh Hashanah evening dinner after services the tables were beautifully decorated with chocolates and colorful ribbons at every setting, with everybody dressed up as if they were going to a wedding. It was very impressive.

After our honeymoon, life went back to daily routine, to studying. We did not plan to have children but things happen and Helen became pregnant. On the third of May, 1937 (May 3 is a Polish national holiday celebrating the Polish constitution), we

were walking with one of Helen's girlfriends on Marszalkowska Street (one of the main streets of Warsaw) when a young Polish hooligan hit me in the back; I think that Helen fell on the street. She had a miscarriage after this. We were actually trying not to have a child until I graduated, but my father-in-law was pleading with us to have a child, as he was very anxious to have a grandchild. He said to us, "You just give birth to the child and I'll take care of everything." He kept his word later, he was a wonderful man in many respects. She became pregnant again, and a son, Alexander Shalom, was born October 18, 1938, which was on Simhath Torah day. He was delivered in a private obstetrical hospital by a Dr. Fryszberg (whose daughter Halina happened to be my classmate in medical school). I always remember walking home from the hospital after the delivery in the morning with my father-in-law -- we were both very happy.

The following summer which was the summer of 1939, before the outbreak of World War II, my in-laws rented a three-room summer bungalow in the same suburb where they had been a few years before. My wife was there with her parents and the baby, and I was studying for my exams at home in Warsaw. I had taken some final exams prior to that. After finishing all my studies in June, 1939, I was preparing for the remaining final exams in the fall. I was coming out for weekends to the country.

My father-in-law owned in partnership with one of his brothers a nice apartment building in the city (#8 Ciepla Street), which gave him a substantial income. Besides this he was managing

another apartment building owned by one of his tenants. Between the two buildings he did not work very hard, usually just a few hours every day, commuting to the summer place. He had time to read, take it easy, and enjoy his grandchild.

During the summer of 1939 there was already talk about the impending war. It was after the anschluss of Austria, and Hitler had already occupied Sudetenland (part of Czechoslovakia). Poland was being threatened, though not yet officially. At that time in New York, the World's Fair was taking place, and I had an idea to leave for New York as a tourist for the World's Fair with my wife and child, thinking of my two uncles in New York, Irving and Maurice Schulweis. My mother, as well as my in-laws, objected to this and, besides, it was too complicated. We just became passive like all the other people, as if waiting for the tragedy to develop. The immigration to the United States was limited, regulated by a quota according to country of birth. So the people who tried to get to America had a long waiting list, and then they needed an affidavit from someone who was living in the United States and was willing to support them. To wait for normal channels it would be impossible to come, which is why we thought we would come as tourists to New York and in some way manage to stay there. It did not work out anyway.

The Outbreak of War

That summer, while my family was still in the country and I was in the city, there were already preparations for the defense of Warsaw. Many men, including myself, were voluntarily going to the suburbs around Warsaw, digging and digging trenches in the hope that this would be important for the defense against the Germans. I should mention my military classification, 1A, fit for service; by lucky coincidence I was not called. Most Jews were not called to serve in the Army, particularly the educated Jews, since according to military regulations they would have to give us some officer's rank, which they did not care to do. We were considered to be above the required contingent (quota), which meant that they had enough soldiers to meet their needs, so a certain number of men were just not called. In case of war, everybody had to be ready to be called. However, in peacetime they called every physician, even Jewish ones, so I would be called as soon as I graduated from medical school. I had not yet completed my exams, having a few left which I was going to take after September, at the beginning of the new school year, but on September 1, 1939 the war broke out.

My family had already returned in a hurry to Warsaw, as did all the other people from the suburban country places. I think it was Friday, September 1, while walking on the street, that we heard the piercing sounds of the sirens. Nobody realized that this was a true alarm since we had many test alarms before. We also had

made black window shades to use in case of a night air raid and had pasted the window panes with paper strips to protect them from breaking in case of bombing. Looking back on all this, it seems quite childish. The German army was much better equipped and more mechanized than the Polish army, which was famous for its infantry but was not very technically advanced. Besides, there was no adequate defense against the German air raids.

When the war broke out, the national anthem was played over the Polish radio, and there was a speech by the chief commander of the Polish armed forces, General Rydz Smigly. He finished this speech with the famous words, "We will not even give a button from our uniforms, we will fight." The confidence was based on a defense treaty with Great Britain and an old alliance with France dating back many years, to World War I. I remember a big parade when I was a youngster, after World War I when Marshall Foch from France visited Warsaw, and all the main streets were decorated with Polish and French flags. Now, at the outbreak of World War II, Poland had a treaty with Great Britain, which was emphasized over the Polish radio before the British anthem was repeatedly played. We were sure that we would be able to resist the Germans with the support of these two allies. As it turned out, Germany invaded Poland alongside the entire frontier and moved quite rapidly. This brings to my mind a sad episode which took place a year or more before the outbreak of the war. Germany had been throwing out Polish citizens who had resided for many years in Germany, sending them back to Poland, which refused to accept them. There was a

whole group of these people living in horrible conditions in a camp-like setting near the frontier, around the town Zbonszyn. They had no home in Germany and no home in Poland. It was a tragic situation for these people, who were living on public support from the Jewish community.

It did not take the Germans long to run over from the west toward the east of Poland. As they were moving, the Polish people were running, especially the Jews who knew what to expect from Hitler's Germany. All the roads toward the east were crowded with men of all ages walking or, if lucky, on horse and wagon. The whole country became one big chaos in a few days. Three or four days after the beginning of the war there was a call over the Polish radio that all men able to bear arms should leave Warsaw and go toward the east of Poland, where a resistance would be put up. This was found out later to have been a subversive call, so that no young men would be in Warsaw and be able to defend the city.

It should be noted that Poland had many German nationals, "volksdeutsche," as they were called in German, who had lived in Poland for generations. As a matter a fact, the textile industry was to a large degree in German nationals' hands, although there were also some Jews and Poles in this industry. This brings to mind a Mr. Schmidt, one of my father-in-law's tenants in the house which he managed (which was near the Theatre Square, the beautiful center of Warsaw). A German national who had moved in only about a year or so prior to the outbreak of the war, he later turned out to have been a German spy, who was working and preparing the

groundwork for the Germans. As soon as the Germans occupied various towns, these German nationals would take over the local government under the direction of the Germans.

Tuesday or Wednesday of the first week of the war, when the call came over the radio for men to leave Warsaw, I left my home. I had said goodbye already to my parents, since I was planning the day before to join the army voluntarily, knowing that I would be drafted anyway. Being a graduate medical student, missing a few exams to graduation, I expected to get some type of medical rank. I did not realize that the dangers would be just the same for a doctor as for any soldier. That evening I left Warsaw with my father-in-law, his brother (the one with whom he owned the apartment building) and the brother's two sons. The five of us left Warsaw, not realizing what we were getting into. We expected to get some sort of transportation, but as soon as we had walked ten blocks we found that there were no trolley cars. Everything was being used to make barricades, so we just walked the streets until we came to the roads leading out of Warsaw. There we met hundreds and thousands of men, walking and walking, without any goal, any destination, just walking out of Warsaw without any luggage. I had a briefcase that contained a towel and some personal things. I thought that when I would reach a military hospital I would join voluntarily.

It would take endless time and space to describe this trip. We were exhausted walking. We did not have a car; very few people did and those that did had to leave them, pushing the cars into a

ditch on the road since they could not get any gasoline. Then they would just start walking with all the others. Money is usually helpful, and in some places we were lucky and hired someone with a horse and wagon to transport us, moving at about twenty kilometers an hour. In one of these little towns in which we stayed overnight, with many other people around, we had something to eat. The townspeople had baked bread, which we were very happy to get, along with something to drink. Then we moved on again like this for many days.

Once the five of us somehow managed to get on a fire engine which was from the fire department of the town Lowicz (where Nathan's uncle had his famous flour mill). I was hanging on and standing on this open fire engine like a flagpole, racing through the roads. This was a big accomplishment, instead of having to walk or go a couple of kilometers by horse and wagon, and then have to change for another horse and wagon or walk again. We got quite ahead with this fire engine.

While we were walking, running, or riding eastward on the roads, the German airplanes were roaring about without any resistance and sometimes lowering themselves over our heads, forcing us to run into the fields to hide in the crops. They could have shot us all out, but I guess this was not their purpose and we did not mean anything to them. It was frightening; we were tired, hungry, and thirsty. When we saw a farm from a distance, we would walk off the road to buy something to eat.

One Saturday afternoon we reached the town of Brest-Litevsk

(the Russian name, it used to belong to Russia). (This was the town where Dr. Zelikson used to live and practice before the war.) It was a very big military center in Poland, with one of the largest military hospitals. Planning to report there for military service, I started to inquire about this hospital and was told that it too, was being evacuated. Actually, the entire military establishment was falling apart. We walked into a stranger's home, like everybody else did; everyone was very hospitable. I started to take a shower but, soon after, air raid sirens sounded, and we had to run to the shelter, which was in the basement of the house. I was a little delayed getting to the shelter because I had to get dressed. I looked across the street from the bathroom window and saw the building across the road coming down. Luckily the building that we were in was not damaged, and the bombing alarm was soon over. The town had only been bombed for a few minutes and, by the time I got to the basement, the air raid was over.

The next day, Sunday morning, many of the Jewish people of Brest-Litevsk started to leave the town, and we decided to leave as well. My father-in-law, his brother, his two sons, and I stayed together wherever we went. We walked or got a ride until we reached the next town, Kobryn. I had left home without a hat, and in Kobryn I bought a beret. I had never worn a beret in my life before, but I thought that this would be a good thing to have since you can also sleep in it, it does not occupy much space (as a hat does), and you can put it in your pocket. In Kobryn I also got a shave and a haircut in a barber shop. I do not remember if

we stayed there overnight or, if we slept there, where we slept. The next day, or the same day, we kept on moving until we got to Pinsk, which is a big town. I knew some people from this town who had attended the Commercial Academy in Warsaw. At the time that I got there, though, the whole town was in such a chaotic state that it did not matter whom you knew or where you went. We could not stay there either, as there was no place to stay or sleep, but we could not go much further because we were already close to the eastern frontier of Poland, not far from the Russian border.

We kept on going until we got to a smaller town which I will never forget, Luniniec. There we stayed a few days. We were close to our "Russian friends"; as Jews we were much less afraid of the Russians than of the Germans. We thought of Russia as a place where there was justice and equality for everybody and no discrimination against Jews, which we found out later was incorrect. In Luniniec we found many people, crowds of people, who had come from all over Poland. People could not go any farther, so the place was overcrowded. I remember spending the first night in the house of a man selling Polish government lottery tickets. In Poland there was a government lottery with many drawings during the year. The people selling these tickets were licensed to do so by the government. They had to pay a fee to the government and made a commission from selling the tickets. As an official sign of the business, the man had on the wall a framed picture of the President of Poland, Moscicki, and another picture of the Polish eagle. The funny part of it was that, when people

would come in bringing news and gossip that the Russians were approaching from the other side, he would quickly remove the two pictures but an hour later, when someone else came in and said that it was just a rumor, he would hang the two pictures back up. We stayed in this town around Yom Kippur time and rented a place to live, the empty apartment of a Jewish family. I believe that the husband of this family had joined the army and his wife and children had gone to live with her mother. We managed to buy some potatoes and meat, and my father-in-law and his brother did the cooking. We ate before the Yom Kippur fast and went for Kol Nidre services to the local synagogue, where we spent the evening and all the next day.

We felt comfortable at that time with the Russians who occupied the town. There were a number of Jewish soldiers in the Russian army. They were very friendly to us, communicating in Jewish. There was a joke going around about their advice to us that we should not worry, we will always get enough work to do, we will earn a living but we will not lick any honey, meaning that we will hardly earn a living and we will not live in luxury. And, besides, they warned us not to become involved in any politics. In brief, "Just work and eat what you can and do not mix into any politics."

I should mention that Germany had started the war with Poland after the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, signed a non-aggression treaty (the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact) with Russia. Russia apparently promised not to fight the Germans, and the two

countries decided to divide Poland between themselves. Germany moved eastward and Russia westward through Poland. While the Germans were moving eastward past Warsaw, they did not occupy Warsaw itself for about three or four weeks because of the heroic resistance which the city put up. The Germans were bombing Warsaw, destroying many buildings and forcing the people to the shelters (basements) during air raids for the three or four weeks until they surrendered.

So we found ourselves under Russian occupation. The Russians who occupied the eastern part of Poland disarmed all Polish officers and soldiers who had not managed to get out of their uniforms and took them as prisoners of war. Later, it became apparent that they had killed thousands of Polish officers at Katyn (forest) near the city of Smolensk and had put the blame on the Germans who occupied the area later when they overran Russia in 1941. The Russians did not bother the civilian population, and people moved about freely. About the time of Sukkoth we went to Bialystok, a very large district town with a sizable Jewish population. It was one of the centers of the Polish textile industry. There the five of us lived with a Jewish family. It was impossible to buy anything, as the stores were quickly emptied out. Apparently people were hoarding things and, when merchandise was delivered, it would be sold out in a hurry; people were standing in lines for goods. I was in my summer shoes, I had no rubbers, winter was approaching, and I did not have any winter clothes. A young lady, the daughter of the people with whom we were staying,

happened to know "somebody," and she went with me to a store where I got a pair of rubbers. The Russian soldiers gave the civilians some menial jobs in exchange for food or money and the older of my two cousins took advantage of this opportunity.

In the meantime Warsaw had surrendered to the Germans. My father-in-law and his brother felt that the brother's sons and I should not go back home to the Nazi occupation, expecting some kind of atrocities, which later unfortunately became a reality. However, they felt that no matter what happens they should go home, having left their wives and children. My father-in-law had left his wife and his daughter (my wife), along with our one-year-old child. My father-in-law's brother had left his wife and two unmarried daughters, the older a dentist and the younger about seventeen years old. Going back home meant sneaking through the new border established between the Germans and the Russians, which divided Poland in two, the Russians occupying the eastern and the Germans the western part. However, the Russian soldiers who were spread all along the frontier did not make it difficult at that time for people to go from one side to another. This was not a clearly planned kind of trip by train. They started out on their way back to Warsaw from Bialystok without knowing what kind of route or what modes of transportation they would be using until they got home or if they would get home safely at all. My father-in-law hoped that, since I was only missing a few of my final exams, I would get my diploma and settle as a physician under the Russians. Under this "wonderful Russian paradise" we expected to

have a decent life, especially having a good profession. He hoped that somehow his daughter (my wife) and our child would join me and that perhaps we would be together in the not too distant future. This was his dream and my dream. With tears in his eyes, he left us, going home, not sure if he would ever make it.

After the fathers left, the older cousin (Jacob) went his own way. I do not know much about what happened to him, but two years later we met again in the Warsaw ghetto. However, the younger son, Solomon, who was about seventeen, remained with me. I was anxious to get to some kind of a university town to complete my exams and get my diploma. Leaving Solomon I went to Vilna, which was in a part of Lithuania, that before World War II belonged to Poland. There was a Polish university which at that time was functioning under Russian occupation. In Vilna I stayed and lived fairly comfortably with Harry Orenstein, who was the youngest brother of my mother-in-law. His family had a nice apartment in a very exclusive area of Vilna. I recall that in the same house lived the senator from Vilna, Senator Prystor. His name was infamously remembered by Jews because he was the one who introduced a law in the Polish Senate that forbade ritual slaughter for kosher meat for Jews. I got in touch with the Jewish student medical organization and a group of other graduate students planning to take the exams in Vilna.

In the meantime, frontiers were becoming a little bit more closed and more difficult to cross. Rumors began to spread that Vilna (in Lithuanian, Vilnius) would be included in Lithuania and

therefore be under Lithuanian authorities although occupied by the Russians. I was afraid that if I stayed in Vilna I might have problems taking my exams and that if they closed off the frontiers I might not be able to get out to go to my family or even to get to other Russian-occupied territories in Poland. I decided to leave Vilna and go to Lvov, where there also was a university. Also, Henry Rosenfein, who was an uncle of my wife and the youngest brother of my father-in-law, lived in Lvov.

At that time were many people from Warsaw and all over Poland in Vilna who, in contrast to myself, did not have to take exams or get a diploma. Most of them gladly remained in Vilna, hoping that it would be cut off from Russia. They thought that it would be easier to get out from Lithuania and get to different countries, even outside Europe. As I found out later, my friend Warhaftig and his family (I did not see him while there) were in Vilna. They were able to get to Kovno (the capital of Lithuania) and from there traveled all the way through Russia. They reached Shanghai, and in that way eventually got to Israel. I know that Harry Orenstein, along with his wife and two boys, also traveled all across Russia and ended up in Shanghai. Also my friend, Joseph Rubinstein (whom I later saw again in New York), made it to Shanghai. Thus a large number of Polish Jews came to spend the war years in Shanghai.

I could not think of getting away. I was by myself and had an obligation to my wife, child, and parents in Warsaw. I also wanted to get my diploma so I decided that I should stay in Russian-occupied Poland. On the way from Vilna to Lvov I spent

one or more nights in the same town, Luniniec, where we had stayed when going east. By a coincidence I met Solomon (the younger of my two cousins) there, and we both decided to go to Lvov, since this Henry Rosenfein was his uncle as well. It was a long trip and we had to travel by train. Trains were running but quite irregularly; one never knew when they would arrive or where they were going to. Around November, 1939, about two months after having left home in Warsaw, we finally arrived in Lvov and got to the home of Henry Rosenfein.

Henry Rosenfein was the youngest of my father-in-law's three brothers. His wife, Matilda, was the daughter of their oldest brother (he married his niece). They had one boy, Alexander, who was around fourteen years old. My uncle was an exceptionally bright and intelligent man; the director of a bank in Lvov and a good bridge player and socialite. When we arrived there, there was no bank, no business, no income; they lived on their savings and food was not abundant. It was very simple food, bread and soup and the like. They were the nicest people you could imagine, sharing with us their limited food, which at that time was very precious. The Rosenfeins lived in a beautiful apartment in a luxurious area of Lvov (#2 Szaszkiewicza Street) near the Polytechnic School of Lvov. They made sleeping arrangements for us and went out of their way to accommodate us comfortably, I slept on a bed or sofa with Solomon, Matilda slept on another sofa, and the uncle and his son slept in their regular bedroom. Being of school age, Solomon entered the school in Lvov. I contacted some friends who were in

Lvov at that time and who also had to finish some exams in order to get their diplomas. One of those with whom I studied for the final exams in Lvov was Aiga Goldgewicht, with whom I had also studied during most of my six years in medical school. We passed our exams and received our diplomas on June 10, 1940. Recently I found out that, coincidentally, she is the family physician of my cousin Beniek Glinowiecki in Holon, Israel.

The five or six months of my final exam studies were full of tension as far as general life in Lvov was concerned. The Russians were sending people to Siberia, especially the ones (like myself and many others) who were not permanent residents of Lvov. One day in the morning when we walked out, the streets were full of Russian security police, in their blue uniforms with their blue caps. Wherever you turned you found one and felt surrounded by them. They were walking into apartments and rounding up people who did not have a local resident passport. The Russian police just loaded them into trains supposedly taking them to some kind of labor camps, but actually to Siberia. They had another trick, saying that they wanted to register the people who wished to return to their families in Warsaw or to any other location in the German-occupied areas of Poland. It was quite a dilemma, whether to register or not. We finally found out that the Russian authorities were not that straightforward and that this might be a trick to find out who was not a resident. We were afraid that, instead of sending us to Warsaw, they might send us to Siberia. Not wanting to take this chance, I did not register to go to Warsaw.

In the same building where we lived, my father-in-law's aunt -- an older lady who was a teacher from Lublin -- stayed in another apartment. Like us, she had also escaped from Nazi-occupied Poland arriving in Lvov with her only daughter and son-in-law. One night this old lady was taken away to Siberia and never heard from again. Her daughter, Maryla, and son-in-law, Maurice Weis, happened to be away when the old lady was rounded up. They tried to get the mother back when the trains were being loaded but were not successful.

For quite a few nights I was sleeping in different places -- one night in a furniture factory, another night in a barber shop. Trying to avoid deportation, we were all afraid to sleep in the places where we were staying. There was another man staying with us in the Rosenfein's home, a cousin of Matilda. He was a Socialist or Communist and he was very happy that he was living in an area under Russian occupation. He got himself a very fine job in one of the factories. As it turned out later, the Russians did not trust any Polish or Jewish Communists and considered them Trotskyites. They were deported to Siberia along with the rest.

In Lvov there were also many non-Jewish Polish people who had ended up there for various reasons. Most of these Poles were trying to return home while the Jews were trying to escape the Nazi regime. There were a lot of black market dealings going on between the people and the Russian soldiers. Those not having businesses or jobs anymore were trying to make some money, whichever way they could. The Russian soldiers, not having much at home, were anxious

to buy whatever type of watch or piece of junk they could get, paying with their rubles. With these rubles you could get food in the stores whenever it was available, but it was not easy to buy a loaf of bread or any food. If there was a rumor of an expected delivery at a store, people would line up at three or four in the cold winter morning, standing on line until the stores opened at seven. As I was in Lvov from November, 1939, until August, 1940, I remember well these lines in the winter. In our extended Rosenfein family we all shared our duties and would alternate standing in the early morning lines. The food was not rationed, but it was sold in limited amounts per person. The same problem existed with regard to clothes. While the local population had enough clothes, refugees such as myself who had no winter clothes, were trying to buy something, and this was quite expensive and difficult. I had a dream at that time to get a pair of shoes and have them waterproofed since I had only the summer shoes in which I left home in September.

In June, 1940, I got my diploma from the Academy of Medicine (the new name of the medical school) in Lvov, signed by Professor Muzika. It was originally written in the Ukrainian language, the official language as the whole area became part of the Ukraine. I do not remember when, how, and for what reason I had this diploma translated into German by an authorized translator. Apparently I thought that this would be of value if I were to go back into a German-occupied area at some future time. According to the Russian law, which was then the ruling law, after graduation a new

physician was sent out by the authorities to a small, sometimes distant community to fill the position of a physician. He did not have much of a choice where he was to settle, serving the community for free and receiving "a fair salary" paid by the government. However, I found out that some special courses for graduates were being offered and that I could become a specialist. One of these was organized by the Institute of Dermatology of the University of Charkov (in the Ukraine). A group of professors came to Lvov and gave a course in dermatology and venereal diseases. I still remember the names of some of the professors, one was Krichevski (it sounds very Russian, but I think he was a Jew), another was Hecht (a Jew) whom I remember very well. After completing this two-month course, I became a specialist in dermatology and venereal diseases and was sent to the district town of Tarnopol for assignment to my actual place of work by the doctor in charge. The entire southeastern part of Poland, now occupied by the Russians, was called the western Ukraine, with Lvov being the main city.

A Physician under the Russians

I was assigned to a fairly big town, Skalat. There a Dr. Frederick Sas, who was in charge of this local district, had to find some position for me. Previously he had been a district physician during the Polish times and now had this same function under the Russians. The town had a mixed population -- Ukrainians, Poles, and a fair number of Jews. There was a nice size hospital, and the nurses were actually nuns who replaced their habits, which would not be welcomed by the Russians, with regular nurses' uniforms. Most of the town's doctors were affiliated with the hospital, and private medical care was still available to the population by the local doctors who had their offices, but this was rather limited. The practice of medicine was centered in a public dispensary and in the hospital. There was supposed to be a doctor on call in the hospital 24 hours a day. Since none of the previous practicing doctors had liked to have such a duty, it was very convenient for them to have me around there. I did not have any clothes, furniture, apartment, or anything so they were "very generous" and set me up in the hospital with room and board in exchange for duty. Actually it was not 24 hours duty, occurring mostly the late afternoon and night. From eight in the morning to one in the afternoon, I was working in my new specialty in a dispensary or clinic for skin and venereal diseases. I lived in the hospital, ate in the hospital, and was on night duty at the hospital.

In this dispensary I worked together with another Jewish refugee doctor, Dr. Henry Fey from Katowice. He also had to get away from a Nazi-occupied area, Upper Silesia. His wife was a medical doctor, too, and was working in another dispensary. Dr. Fey, an experienced physician, was in charge of the skin clinic, and I, just out of school, was the junior physician under him. He was very nice to me, and I learned a lot from him. We had many patients with skin diseases and some with venereal diseases. From patients who had gonorrhea we would take smears, staining and examining them right there under the microscope. I became quite efficient under his direction in the diagnosis and treatment of these diseases. The treatment of venereal diseases was quite old-fashioned and not as brief and simple as nowadays. There was no penicillin at that time and, while sulpha drugs were starting to come out, they were not yet available to us. The patients had to return for daily irrigations with potassium permanganite solution and we would check their smears each day until they were cured.

After some time I somehow managed to give up my job at the hospital and decided to live on the salary that I was getting as a skin specialist at the clinic. I rented a furnished room with a family named Wachtel whose nephew, Dr. Phillip Sommerstein, I had met in the clinic. He introduced me to the Wachtels, who were very fine people. Dr. Sommerstein was working in the same building as I but in a different capacity, being the public health physician for Skalat. (After the war he came to the United States, settling in Pittsburgh. He once contacted me when he needed a witness for

his medical credentials.) With the Wachtels I had a beautiful, large room, but in the winter, with no heat and no coal, it was quite freezing there. I should also mention that houses in Skalat had no indoor toilet facilities and no running water; every house had an outside well. Mrs. Wachtel was very friendly, sitting and chatting sometimes with me in the evening in the large warm kitchen. I remember her telling me stories from World War I about Vienna, where she had to spend quite some time temporarily away from her permanent residence in Galicia. I had about adjusted to my situation in Skalat and was getting along very well with Dr. Fey and also with a practical nurse, a young lady from Warsaw, assigned to our clinic. I even had some private patients and a few extra rubles which I used to have a pair of good high leather boots made for me. Then suddenly one day I received an order from the district that I was being transferred to a large village named Germakovka, located in the southeasternmost corner of Poland, not far from the border with Rumania. I was given a few days time before having to leave. With tears in my eyes, I parted from the Wachtel family and from the people with whom I was working.

My instructions from the district health officer were that I was to travel by train to a station called Ivanie Puste, where he would be waiting to take me to Germakovka. This station was the last stop, there was no further station on this line. The name of the station, Ivanie Puste, well described it. Puste means "empty," and there was actually nothing there but the little station building. I arrived at Ivanie Puste with my valise. There the

district health officer, a big husky Ukrainian, waited for me. In about an hour or so we arrived by horse and wagon at the next town, Mielnica. In Mielnica I slept overnight in a small hotel where my Ukrainian boss took me. The next morning we went by horse and wagon to Germakovka, where I was supposed to be practicing as the only physician.

There was actually a physician, a Ukrainian native of that village, Dr. Aksenteev. Since he was a native Ukrainian he was advancing to some other job, in a bigger town, and I was to take his place. When I arrived in Germakovka the Ukrainian boss took me to Dr. Aksenteev. Knowing that I was Jewish, he set me up with a Jewish family named Raab, who lived in a nice house on the main road. There were Mr. Raab, Mrs. Raab, her elderly mother, two daughters, and a young son. I was assigned to a newly organized dispensary or clinic, with daily office hours from eight in the morning until one in the afternoon, treating free of charge patients with all kinds of problems as in a general family practice. After office hours I was on call 24 hours a day, making house calls not only in Germakovka but in the entire area within a radius of fifteen or twenty kilometers, being picked up by a farmer in his horse and wagon whenever one needed me.

In the meantime the general situation had settled down a little. I was corresponding with my family in Warsaw. It was not permitted to write any letters but only open postcards. To fit as much as I could on a postcard I would write in very tiny letters. I also corresponded with my relatives in Lvov with whom I had been

staying. One day much to my surprise, I received a piece of mail from Komi S.S.R., one of the northern areas in Russia, somewhere in the northeast. It was from my friend George Lewenson, who had been taken away from Brest-Litevsk when the Russians were sending people to Siberia. He had somehow found out where I was, and we were then able to maintain some contact by mail.

I was fairly well set up in Germakovka and, besides, I did not need much. Food was plentiful in these small villages and farmers, remembering the former capitalistic times, showed their appreciation for the free care received by sometimes bringing various food products. It was more than I needed for myself. Once I bought and sent a big jar of honey, which was very valuable, to the Rosenfeins in Lvov. I also sent a package of food to the Lewensons in Komi S.S.R.. Food was no problem, but clothes were very expensive. My salary was about 400 rubles per month, which was rather low, doctors being poorly paid. As the only doctor in the entire area, I was privileged to buy some personal items without standing on line if a shipment of merchandise arrived. However, these deliveries to the store (the only general store in the village) were haphazard, and the size you wanted or needed you could not get. I recall once wanting to buy a pair of shoes, and they had all the sizes but mine.

Another story comes to mind which characterizes the way the Russian security police was working, having everybody on their minds and on their lists and knowing what everyone was doing, where everyone was working, and so on. One day, at about 1:15 in the

afternoon, as I was officially already out of the clinic, I went to buy something from the general store. Quite a few people besides me were standing around in the store when an officer of the security police in blue uniform entered. He was not a local officer; I had never seen him and to my knowledge he had never seen me. He approached me and asked me whether I was the doctor for the local dispensary and community. After my affirmative reply he asked me again whether it was already past my office hours. This was about all the conversation we had; apparently he wanted to let me know that he knew who I was. At that time it was some kind of a plus, some kind of an additional security point, to be a Jew because the Russians trusted the Jews more than the Ukrainians. They knew that the Ukrainians were all nationalists and really hated them. Many of these nationalistic Ukrainians superficially became very ardent communists, tried to ingratiate themselves and work together with the Russians. However, I am pretty sure that the Russians were very suspicious and did not trust them.

One very bad fault was to be rich, whether Ukrainian, Jew, or anybody. The security police (called NKVD, which was an abbreviation of the ministry of internal security affairs) would drive up at night to a rich farmer's house, ask him to join them, and take him away. One rich farmer of Germakovka, Vasyl Kostecki, was taken away at night, supposedly to the next district town Czortkov to face some kind of charges. His transgression probably was that he was rich, there being no other cause with which to charge him. Nobody ever heard from him again, nobody knew what

happened to him.

Another incident happened on May 1,1941, a big Russian communist holiday. The village council members and the other local leaders, who were all Ukrainians (at that time playing the communist role), held a big rally, speaking with praise of Joseph Stalin, the "wise teacher of all the nations of the world." After the speeches they had a gala party at the village council seat. There was an abundance of food, meat, beer, and vodka. Being the representative of health care, I was invited to their party, and whether I liked it or not, I would not dare to refuse. I took with me the daughter of my landlord. I had a couple of drinks, and then I had something to eat, and then I had a couple of more drinks. Not being used to drink I could hardly walk by the time everybody got up to music and dancing. I managed, though, and danced a little. During this party, sitting next to me were two Ukrainian ladies, intelligent women, whose husbands were there, too, having some kind of functions in the new setup under the Russian regime. (All the stores and agencies had been nationalized, so many of these Ukrainian people had functions for which they were paid a salary by the government.) At about eleven or twelve at night, two Russian secret police officers walked in, just as friendly visitors. Since it was such a big holiday, I guess they went from place to place, "paying their respects" everywhere. These two ladies were quite disturbed by their visit because they both knew the tradition of the Russian secret police. A party like this might be a good occasion for the police to pick up a couple of men,

such as their husbands, and take them away without anybody knowing where and without any court hearing. Luckily the officers did not stay long and left without bothering anybody; the ladies felt very relieved.

There were very few Jews in this village, but Jews in general were not that scared at this time. There was no suspicion that Jews might be displeased with the Russians, since on the other side were the Nazis, who were certainly worse for the Jews in every way.

As I mentioned before, I was working in the dispensary as the only physician in this large village and its surroundings. I had a Ukrainian nurse from the eastern (Russian) Ukraine and a local Ukrainian who was working as a kind of aide and also taking care of the dispensary's cleanliness. We had no telephone and whoever wanted me had to come to call me. If it was within the village I would usually walk; if it was very far, they would come for me with horse and wagon. One spring day I had to make a late afternoon visit to a patient who lived quite far away in another village. Because it was too late to return home, I stayed overnight in the patient's house. In the morning I had a very good breakfast of fried eggs and fresh pumpernickel bread and butter and the patient's family then took me back home by horse and wagon.

I recall another incident, in the winter, when a farmer from another village came for me with horse and sleigh. While we were riding on the nice smooth white snow, somehow I slid off the open flat sleigh and found myself on the snow. Not realizing that I had fallen off, the farmer went ahead until I yelled for him to hold

his horses so I could get back and join him.

I also had a few private patients who wanted some special attention or injections and who came privately to my residence. Although I had no office there I had a couple of syringes and injectable medications. Other than these private patients people received free medical care. This was my routine until June, 1941, when war broke out between Germany and Russia.

During this period in which I was living under the Russian occupation, I was corresponding with my wife in Warsaw. Since we were writing on postcards we had to be careful what we said. Although we did not feel free to write about everything that was on our minds or in our hearts, we were glad that we could communicate. Despite a poor salary I did not have it too badly. There was no problem with food in this big village, which was rich in farm products, but I could not get clothes. At the same time, in the large cities like Lvov everything was rationed and food was scarce. As I mentioned, I had sent a package of honey to my father-in-law's brother in Lvov, which was appreciated since they could smear it on bread in place of butter.

In June, 1941, the war entered a new phase, with the Germans deciding to invade Russia, starting at the westernmost part, the part of Poland occupied by the Russians. They had to pass this area in order to get to Russia proper. The Russian government was drafting men into the army, and I together with other physicians from the area had to come every day to a central point in Mielnica to do the physical examinations of the draftees. The draftees

tried to get out if possible, and we tried to cooperate with them. However, in charge of this induction center was a Colonel Nikolayev, who supervised us and told us that we should not be so considerate, that the army could use anybody as a soldier. He was making a joke of it and said, "Well, even if someone can not walk we have trucks and cars and we can take them. They can peel potatoes in the kitchens for the soldiers, so anyone is good." This lasted for a few weeks.

Soon afterward the Russian occupation authorities began retreating in face of the Germans' forward movement. Some of the Jewish people, especially those who were single or who had grown up children, probably would have liked to have gone with the Russians, but the Russians cared only for those civilians who were able-bodied enough for the army. The Russians wanted us physicians to join them and go to Russia but we did not volunteer and none of us went with them. Although we were all Jews, we did not realize what we might have to face when the Germans would occupy the area and therefore we decided to remain. I personally felt that if I went any further I would never be able to reunite with my family, even though being under the Germans would not be good either. The German-led army which was moving into our area was actually a Hungarian division which was under the German command. The Hungarians stayed briefly in Germakovka for a night and a day and then moved on further without leaving anybody in charge of the village. The next town where some type of military government was set up was Mielnica (where the Russian army induction had been

held).

In the villages the government was taken over by the local Ukrainians, extreme reactionary nationalists who, under the Russians, had played the role of communists. As soon as the Russians had left, they raised their heads, directing their rage against the defenseless Jews. As soon as they took over our village of Germakovka, they started to threaten the ten or so Jewish families living there. As the house of the Jewish family with whom I was living was on the main road, we did not feel safe and stayed overnight with another Jewish family, who was living somewhere in the back of the village, away from the public eye. In the morning we would return to our home.

A lawyer, who was the son-in-law of the local Greek Orthodox priest, became the head of the village government. I was continuing my work in the dispensary, not feeling secure and safe but also feeling that I had no choice. I actually was anxious to leave. One day the village head came in and officially announced to me that "in the name of the Independent Ukrainian Republic we request and authorize you to continue to work in this dispensary." Of the few Jews, some ran away and some were in hiding. Being a physician and having to work in the dispensary, I could not hide. Some of the villagers were starting to threaten me verbally and quite violently, getting ready for some type of a pogrom. I slept a few nights in the house of Fedor Chapliuk, the Ukrainian local farmer who was my aide in the dispensary. He told me, "Do not

worry, you will sleep here and, if anybody comes in to my house and wants to hurt you, I will stand here with a hatchet in my hand and will not let them touch you."

Finally, it became impossible and too dangerous. Chapliuk was the one who arranged my departure, hiring for me a Ukrainian farmer with a horse and wagon. In bright daylight, although it was illegal because I was supposed to be on the job, I went off in this wagon with my belongings (which amounted to a little valise) and got to the town of Mielnica, to the house of a dentist named Kaufman.

I had become very friendly with the Kaufmans, having visited with them whenever I had an opportunity to be in Mielnica during my stay in Germakovka. Mrs. Kaufman was the dentist (originally from Warsaw), and her husband was a dental technician from another town in Galicia. They welcomed me and set me up in their home. I had some money, and food was no problem for them, as they still were continuing their dental practice and the farmers were still coming to town on market day with their farm products for sale.

Across the street from the Kaufmans was a beautiful house that was occupied by the widow of a Jewish physician who had died at the beginning of the war. The Germans forced the widow and her daughter to leave the house, which became the living quarters and seat of the German military authority. From there they announced their proclamations and made their demands of the Jewish Community Council, whose function was to take orders from the Germans and deliver what was, under the threat of various penalties, demanded

of them. The Germans would get drunk at night and go around the Jewish homes, molesting the women and men (among them the rabbi and his wife) in every possible physical way. People were terrified but had no place to run. By day, everything appeared to be calm on the surface. The German authorities never bothered us -- we were the neighbors across the street. They even came in to Dr. Kaufman when they needed dental care. Late at night we tried not to put on much light, sitting and talking nearly in the dark. We would see them through the window when they got ready, good and drunk, and went into town.

We had no choice, we kept on living like this, not knowing what tomorrow would bring. Since I had to earn a living and under the German occupation there was no more free medical care, I decided, with the advice and cooperation of the Kaufmans, to set up a little office. I put out a sign making myself available for the farmers from the various villages and for the local townspeople. Besides me there were one or two doctors in Mielnica. When the farmers would come to the Kaufmans (she being the only dentist in town), they would come to me too and so I did pretty well. Money had no value at that time and the farmers paid us with their products, which were abundant in that area.

Occasionally the farmers would come for me to treat a patient in a village outside the town. When they would find out that a doctor was in the village, quite a few other patients would call me. Once I returned home with a wagon loaded with enough farm products to feed the entire Kaufman household for a few days.

In the meantime, the Germans occupied Rumania. We were located near the original Rumanian-Polish border, not far from Chernovietz, a big town in Rumania with a fair number of Jews. The Germans chased out the Jews from Chernovietz and its vicinity, who then ran without any direction or goal, many of them coming to Mielnica. One young woman from Chernovietz found a home in the Kaufmans' house, which was quite spacious.

I should mention that on their topcoats Jews were forced to wear armbands with the star of David with the inscription "Jude." However, we physicians were privileged to wear a different kind of armband, a white one with a red Star of David and the inscription "arzt" ("physician" in German). This allowed us some freedom of movement and even the privilege to go to the next town, Borszczov, while no Jew who was not a physician was allowed to leave Mielnica by any means of transportation. Mielnica had no train at all, the closest train station being Borszczov, which could be reached only by horse and wagon. A physician had the privilege of being able to hire a horse and wagon when he or she had to go to Borszczov, the seat of the district medical authorities. Under this pretext we could go whenever we wanted, as far as Borszczov.

During this time my contact with my wife's family in Lvov was cut off. The news from Lvov was very bad. When the Germans arrived in Lvov the Ukrainians organized a pogrom, during which, among others Jews, the famous Rabbi Shapiro was killed while on his way to hiding in the house of the archbishop, who had offered him sanctuary. I tried unsuccessfully to contact my father-in-

law's brother in Lvov but the family did not live anymore in their nice apartment. The Jews were grouped together in a small congested area, each family having only a room, with two or three families to an apartment. I could not find out their new address and there was no communication.

As before, I could communicate with my family in Warsaw by postcard. Now it was even simpler since I, too, was under German occupation. By that time a Jewish ghetto had been established in Warsaw, and Jews living on streets outside the ghetto had to evacuate their apartments and move into the ghetto. My father-in-law's brother and his family moved into our apartment in Warsaw, which luckily was within the limits of the ghetto. Another room in the apartment was occupied by a man from out of town. My in-laws, my wife, and our son still had two rooms and the kitchen for their own use. The Christian maid who had worked for them for many years had to leave, since it was forbidden for non-Jews to work for Jews.

The ghetto was surrounded by a newly built brick wall, with a few gates guarded by Polish police. Except for a few with special permission on official business, Jews were not allowed to leave the ghetto. A Jewish Council, with a uniformed Jewish police force and authority over the Jews, was set up. The Council was responsible to the German authorities for satisfying all types of obligations and demands. It had the sad function to deliver people to the labor camps, from which most of them never returned.

While I was communicating with my family, they asked me

whether I would like to return to Warsaw to join them. Being under the Germans anyway, I certainly wanted to return. The problem was that a Jew was not allowed to travel by train. I could get by horse and wagon to Borszczov, where there was a railroad station, but I was not allowed to go on the train. Through official channels -- the Jewish Council of Warsaw as an intermediary with the German authorities -- my family was trying to get permission for me to travel by train to Warsaw. This effort by them took many months and ended without success.

I did not know what to do. Some people were smuggling themselves to Warsaw from Lvov. My family had written to me about a woman named Tenenbaum, who was Jewish but pretended to be non-Jewish. A nice blond with a non-Jewish passport, Mrs. Tenenbaum was in the business of smuggling people. She would buy the train tickets and make some changes in the passports of the people whom she smuggled. We Jews in Mielnica retained our Russian passports, in which was written everybody's nationality, the Jews' being "Hebrew" ("Jew" in Russian). I heard from my family in Warsaw that Mrs. Tenenbaum was in Lvov, from where she smuggled home Solomon, the younger cousin who had come with me to Lvov in November, 1939, and had remained there with his uncle all the time.

My family wrote to me about this, trying to persuade me to agree to the trip. Being usually legally minded, I did not go along with that idea, despite being very eager to join my family. One day this Mrs. Tenenbaum, while in Lvov for some business and somehow knowing my address, came to me in Mielnica. Without

telling my family, agreeing on any price, or making any deal for putting in escrow money (as she would usually do), she just walked in unexpectedly on me at the Kaufmans. Introducing herself, she asked me whether I would like to go with her, to smuggle myself home to Warsaw. Though having refused all the time until now, at this moment I did not think logically any more but emotionally and said, "yes."

Return to Warsaw

Not having much luggage, it did not take me long to prepare myself. I hired a horse and wagon for the next morning, and the next day went with her to Borszczov. This was the town to which I was legally allowed to go, still having, as a physician, my armband with the Jewish star. When we approached the railway station, she said, "Now you have to become a non-Jew, pretend to be a non-Jew." She bought the tickets for the two of us to the next town, Czortkow. Needing to get rid of my armband, I went into the men's restroom at the railway station, where I took it off, put it in the garbage can, and walked out. Of course, some persons might have noticed me before with the armband and now without it. There could be people spying (not uncommon in those times), but that was the chance that I had to take. I boarded the train to get to Czortkow. As luck would have it, I noticed through the train window that some of my "dear neighbors," the Germans from across the street from the Kaufman's house in Mielinca, happened to be going also. Luckily they did not get into the same car where I was sitting with Mrs. Tenenbaum, but I had to watch out getting off in Czortkow, that they should not see me. I am sure that they knew my face, having seen me across the street, and would recognize me.

By the time we got to Czortkow it was close to evening, the days not being long, since it was March (of 1942). We had to get a place to sleep, and neither she nor I knew anybody in Czortkow.

Curfew time was approaching, with Jews not being allowed to walk on the street after a certain hour. Somehow she managed to find a Jewish family for me to stay with overnight.

The next day we traveled by train from Czortkow to Tarnopol (this district town where I had originally been sent by the Russians for my first job assignment). It was dangerous for me to move around in Tarnopol in daylight, with my face easily recognizable as Jewish without an armband. While pretending to be non-Jewish, I still had "Jew" as my nationality on my passport. We had wanted to get an earlier train to Lvov but had missed it. Since we could not afford to hang around there, Mrs. Tenenbaum took her chances and even more chances with my life. We boarded a train which had only a limited number of seats for non-German civilians, being mainly a train for civilian and military Germans. Following her advice, I tied a folded handkerchief around one side of my head, covering half of my face and one eye as if there was something wrong with it. We happened to get into a compartment with a few German Gestapo officers, where the only seat left for me was next to them. I remember well their uniforms with yellow-greenish cuffs -- it was like being in the lion's den. Mrs. Tenenbaum pretended to be Polish-German and engaged them in conversation in German. I pretended to be Polish and not to understand, and they did not look at me. We arrived in Lvov after going through a few hours of fear, fright, and anxiety. If I had been recognized, I would have gotten the death penalty, at best without torture. Once in this situation, though, I had no choice -

- I had to face it, have courage, and appear calm.

Since we had missed our original intended train from Tarnopol, we arrived in Lvov quite late. It was close to curfew, and there were few people on the street. We had to sleep overnight in Lvov. Mrs. Tenenbaum knew the address of my uncle (my father-in-law's brother) somewhere in the Lvov ghetto, a separate area assigned for Jews. Again we took our chances and, being frightened and not having any other means of transportation, we walked quite fast until we got there. An unexpected guest, I walked in to everybody's surprise -- my uncle, his wife Matilda, their 15-year-old son, and Matilda's sister Edwarda.

Mrs. Tenenbaum left me there overnight and went to sleep somewhere else. She took my passport in order to have it "fixed" by erasing the word "Hebrew" and substituting the word "Polack" (Pole). Not having seen each other since August, 1940, my uncle's family and I spent the whole night talking. In the morning Mrs. Tenenbaum came for me with the poorly corrected passport in which the change could easily be detected. We walked to the main railroad station, which was all bombed out and took a train to Krakow, the old historical city which until 1596 was the capitol of Poland.

In Krakow we had to wait many hours to get a train to Warsaw. Mrs. Tenenbaum did not want to walk with me in the daytime because it would not help either of us, so she told me that she would meet me in a cafe near the station half an hour before the train's departure. Having no place to hide, I went into a movie, hoping

that it would be relatively safe to sit since it was dark. I do not think that I watched the movie or knew what I was looking at; I just sat there until the time came to leave and meet Mrs. Tenenbaum again. I was frightened because it was still bright outside and, while walking quite a distance, I could easily be recognized as a Jew. I met Mrs. Tenenbaum at the appointed time, and we boarded a train to Warsaw. It was getting close to nightfall, and I felt relatively safe on the train. It was pretty dark; I do not think there was any light in the train. We traveled all night from Krakow, arriving in Warsaw in the morning. It was not the same Warsaw that I had left in 1939. Mrs. Tenenbaum was planning to get me by trolley car close to a gate of the ghetto. These gates were watched by Polish policemen, who would let you in or out for some money that you put in your passport, which they would check. We got onto a trolley car in the heart of Polish Warsaw. In the trolley cars there were seats assigned for Germans and seat assigned for Poles (and, of course, none for Jews). We sat down as Poles in the Polish section and, when we reached our destination, got off and began walking toward one of the gates of the Warsaw ghetto wall.

While we were walking, a young Pole approached us and said to me, "Hey Jew, why don't you wear an armband?" Blackmailing the small number of Jews living on false documents outside the ghetto was quite a popular occupation among "friendly" Poles. The man possibly wanted money from us, and he continued walking behind us and talking. I suggested to Mrs. Tenenbaum that we give him some

money, but she felt that we could not do that since he could take the money and then report us, having proof that I was a Jew. He finally called a policeman, and I was arrested and taken to a police precinct on or near Bielanska Street, being accused by this fellow of being a Jew.

I remained under provisional arrest while nobody questioned Mrs. Tenenbaum who was with me, as she appeared to the police to be a legitimate Pole. Showing them my passport, I claimed (as it was written there) that I was a Pole. Mrs. Tenenbaum stated that I was her friend who had come from Lvov to visit her for a few days. They did not take her word for this, telling me that they could check whether or not I was a Jew. Unlike in the United States, in Poland there were no non-Jews that were circumcised. Although they did not say explicitly what they meant, it was quite clear to me what it implied. I responded courageously and arrogantly, saying, "Go ahead, it's alright with me if you want to check." However, they did not do so, stating that I would stay under arrest until the precinct captain came.

In the meantime, in order to establish whether I was Jewish or not, one of the police lieutenants took a long deposition from me involving information about myself and my parents. I gave him some fictitious names. My last name itself -- Gliniewiecki -- was genuinely Polish, but I certainly did not give my father's true first name, Samuel. I do not remember what first name I gave as my mother's but as her maiden name I picked the name of one of the streets in Lvov, Teatynska Street. I signed this sworn statement,

and they put me alone in a room where I sat and waited. Mrs. Tenenbaum left, assuring me that she would come back later. After a number of hours she finally returned and sat with me.

Toward evening the head of the precinct came, not a police officer but a colonel in the uniform of the Polish army. He had to decide about my life. He read my deposition, looked at my passport, and looked at me. I believe that he had a suspicion that I was a Jew but pretended that he was not sure and, after asking me some questions, was nice and generous enough to accept my explanation that I had come to visit my girlfriend. He decided to let me out, only asking me where I was planning to stay. When I told him that I would stay in a hotel, he requested that I report daily to the police during my stay in Warsaw. It certainly was magnanimous of him to let me out with the arrangement that I should report to the police every day, since he did not expect me to report if I were a Jew.

Having walked out of the precinct as a Pole again I expected to go into the ghetto. However, Mrs. Tenenbaum felt that it was too late for that day. I did not know her reasons; perhaps she was trying to contact my family first to get money. So I signed myself into a nice hotel on Marshalkowska Street, the main street in Warsaw, paying for the night. Mrs. Tenenbaum went home, saying she would pick me up the next morning. It was a very long night for me; I slept little, not knowing whether she would come and how I would get into this "ghetto paradise." I was even afraid to leave my room to go to the men's room -- I was afraid to show my

face and arouse people's suspicions that I was a Jew. When I got up in the morning I was very restless and impatient, expecting my "savior's" arrival. Not having shaved for a few days, I looked quite suspicious. I did not know what to do and decided to take a chance. Without waiting for Mrs. Tenenbaum, I went out in the bright daylight to a barber and had a nice shave. From a public telephone I called up my wife's cousin, Edwarda Rosenfein, who was a dentist. By then doctors and dentists were the only Jews in the ghetto who were permitted to have phones.

Since the telephone was not in a booth and everybody could hear what I was saying I tried to be casual, just saying, "Hello, how are you, this is Henry." She was smart enough to realize that I was in distress and said, "Oh, where are you?" I carefully gave her my address to make sure that she got it right and said, "I hope to see you and goodbye." Having given her this message and been shaven, I did not feel so badly walking back to my hotel room and just waiting there for hours. Mrs. Tenenbaum finally arrived about noon and went with me to the ghetto gate. Following the usual procedure she put some money in my passport to bribe the Polish policeman guarding the gate, who checked my passport and let me enter the ghetto, which I had never seen before. It was quite a miserable sight, with unusual congestion on the streets, some people fairly well-dressed, some in rags panhandling, now and then somebody lying on the street, peddlers hawking their goods (mostly food items). At the same time you could also see a big announcement about a concert or a theatre performance taking place

somewhere in the ghetto. With all the tragedy, with all the people being picked up and sent away to labor camps, with many sick and hungry, there were people doing business in the ghetto in a thriving black market -- everybody fighting for survival. There were also Jews who cooperated with the German Gestapo for personal benefit.

When I walked up to my in-laws' apartment my wife met me at the door -- it was an unforgettable moment. For the first time in years I saw my little boy, who was about three-and-a-half years old and did not know me. I was afraid to approach him too closely, not to scare him. While I was sitting at the table and talking with my father-in-law, mother-in-law, my wife, and my father (who had come to see me; my mother could not come), my son was being told that I was his father. It took him a while to get used to me. "We will never separate again," were my wife's first words; unfortunately, her death in Treblinka separated us a year later. She described to me how miserable it was to be married and not to have a husband. It was, she said, a different feeling to be single or perhaps to be a widow or divorced, but to be married and not to have a husband was a pitiful feeling. She told me why it took Mrs. Tenenbaum so long to pick me up. Mrs. Tenenbaum had demanded a substantial sum of money for having smuggled me, of course not telling them where I was staying in Warsaw. My family was skeptical whether I really was in Warsaw because I was always writing that I would not smuggle myself or travel by any illegal ways. After I had made my phone call the negotiations moved faster

since they told her that they knew where I was. She was very much surprised to hear that and softened up so that they finally came to terms. They felt that they could even get a Polish policeman who for money would take me into the ghetto. There were many such dealings going on between Jews and Poles, with the Poles doing very well in these transactions. We heard later that Mrs. Tenenbaum was caught and executed in the Pawiak prison in Warsaw, as were other Jews found living on the Aryan side on false documents.

In the Ghetto

I found my in-laws' apartment in a different condition from when I had left it. Now there were more people squeezed together in the same area. Before I had left, my wife and child and myself had been living with my in-laws in the apartment. When I came back my father-in-law's brother with his wife and three grown-up children were living in the apartment because their previous apartment was not within the limits of the ghetto and they had had to move in with my in-laws. Another room was rented to a man who came from Lodz (the center of the textile industry) which was located in an area that had been annexed into Germany and renamed Litzmannstadt.

I needed to start doing something with my medical profession. To be permitted to practice, I had to be registered in the Warsaw-Bialystok Physician's Chamber, which was located outside the ghetto. There was a branch-type office established in the ghetto for the Jewish physicians, with Dr. Israel Milejkowski in charge. He maintained regular contact with the general chamber outside the ghetto through people who had special permission to leave the ghetto on business. Having brought home my diploma from Lvov (translated into German) and various other papers attesting to my studies and completed exams, I submitted them to the Warsaw-Bialystok Chamber of Physicians. After all the documents were approved I was registered to practice medicine. As a matter of fact, this was the only source from which I later got my documents

when I came to the United States, because everything that I had with me was destroyed in the concentration camps; only those documents that had been outside the ghetto, in the general physicians' chamber, were saved.

About a month after my arrival, in April or May, 1942, I set up a small office in one large room in the apartment not occupied by our new residents. I had few private patients but was also working in the Jewish hospital, located on Stawki Street in what had previously been a school building. (The original Jewish hospital, which was on Czyste (an area on the outskirts of Warsaw) outside the ghetto was a large complex of numerous buildings -- one of the biggest in the country -- with famous physicians. It was taken over by the Germans, to be used only for Germans.)

Life was becoming more difficult and scary, with people being arrested or just taken away by the Gestapo for no known reason. It was a life full of contrasts -- some people were working or involved in various legal or illicit enterprises -- while at the same time you could pass and see somebody lying on the street, emaciated and nearly dead from hunger, -- not an uncommon sight. Food was scarce and very expensive on a booming black market, much of it smuggled into the ghetto.

Outside the ghetto some Jews were living as non-Jewish Aryans on false papers. The Jewish community of Warsaw had had about 300,000 people before the war. During the time of the ghetto the number became much larger because of the influx of people from the many small towns surrounding Warsaw. The ghetto consisted of two

parts, a small ghetto and a large ghetto, divided by a street which did not belong to the ghetto. Above this street a bridge was built for people to cross from one part to the other.

In July, 1942, the Germans began to carry out the extermination plan. It began with a sudden announcement on the ghetto walls that all Jews would be resettled to labor camps in the east and that they were allowed to take with them whatever luggage they could carry. People became panicky, not knowing what this was all about although they first thought that they were really going to labor camps. However, they soon realized that something unusually bad was happening, since the chairman of the Judenrat (Jewish Council), Chernyakov, had committed suicide. Later it became known that the Gestapo had demanded from him daily deliveries of a certain number of Jews (in the thousands) to be transported out of the ghetto. Possibly he had knowledge or a premonition about the real meaning of the "resettlement." Being powerless to refuse and unwilling to cooperate, he committed suicide. All the other officers of the Judenrat were arrested and later released without any explanation.

The Jewish Police (with various ranks) set up to keep order in the ghetto was helping the Germans to round up people for the transports. The Germans played a game by pitting one man against another, promising the police that they would be exempt from "resettlement." Jews (and their families) employed in certain German defense factories manufacturing army clothes or other army supplies were also exempt from the "resettlement;" later on these

exceptions had no meaning. It became a race to obtain employment in these "secure" German enterprises in order to be protected. Some people were buying registration cards just attesting to their employment.

My father and father-in-law were both unemployed. Since their apartment was within the ghetto, my parents were living in the same apartment as before the war. My mother's niece, Judith, a teenager, was staying with my parents, who accepted her like a daughter. (Her parents lived somewhere in the ghetto, having moved to Warsaw from a small town.) At least at the beginning of the deportations, the building in which my parents lived was "protected" from the Gestapo. A man living in this building, hardly known before the war, was involved in some "business dealings" with the Gestapo. The German officers visited his apartment frequently, and through them he did a lot of favors for individual Jews. (When I had been trying to come home from Galicia, my father had gone to him asking for help.) Thanks to his contacts the building where my parents were living was not (at least not yet) bothered by the so-called "actions" (rounding up people) or "selections" (selecting people to be sent away) for fulfilling the daily quotas for the transports.

In order to get the necessary numbers of people, the Germans would surround some streets, picking different buildings and calling over loudspeakers for all men, women, and children to come down to the street. They would then take them to the "Umschlagplatz" on Stawki Street (where the Jewish hospital had

been), an area where they loaded them into box cars directly or sometimes kept them overnight. The Jewish police who helped to get all these people together, forcing them into the cars, memorized the numbers on the cars and noticed that the same cars were coming back every day. They realized that they could not have taken these people too far east and wondered what had happened to the people.

I was still working in the hospital; which was now on Leszno Street, the Stawki Street buildings having been evacuated to become the Umschlagplatz. We lived from day to day. My wife and son came with me to the hospital every day, as did all the other doctors' families. A few rooms were set aside for the families of the working doctors, who had the illusion that their wives and children were protected while the police was loading the other Jews on the trains. Once, on the way home from the hospital with my family (I was carrying the child on my arms), as we were approaching our building, we saw that the street nearby was just being closed off by Germans, who were bringing down the people from the buildings. We were frightened and changed direction, going around to another street until we reached home. We were never sure what would happen overnight or the next day, always being on the lookout.

We found out that in Siedlce, a small town near Warsaw, Jews were still living relatively free. We all decided to give up the apartment, leaving the furniture and everything else. My in-laws smuggled themselves with our son out of the ghetto in order to get to Siedlce. Together with my parents, my wife and I moved to an

apartment on 21 Zamenhof Street, which was still protected because most of the people who were living there were working for a German-owned factory. The owner of the factory Mr. Schmidt, a Polish German national who before the war was a tenant of my father-in-law, helped us get the apartment. Also moving in with us were my father-in-law's brother's three children -- two daughters (the older was a dentist) and the younger son, Solomon, who had come back from Galicia. My father-in-law's brother with his wife and older son went with my in-laws and my son to Siedlce. Before leaving, my mother-in-law gave my wife and me some valuables, sewing a diamond into my jacket to use in case of an emergency. The apartment was a large one; a few couples lived in another room and more people moved in later. We all squeezed in together because this building was considered to be relatively protected. I myself was working in the hospital for a brief period but quit when it was not safe anymore to go to work.

One day the sad news reached us that my in-laws, my son, and all the other relatives with them had been killed while in hiding in Siedlce. The older cousin who was with them managed to escape and get back to us with the news. He told us that after a brief stay there they had had to go into hiding, together with other people, because the Germans were rounding up people for transports to the camps. The child was crying and, fearing that the hiding place would be discovered, some of the people objected to my in-laws staying there. My father-in-law had to get outside with the child in his arms. He was the first to be shot, with all the rest

then being discovered and executed.

In the Warsaw ghetto the Germans and the Jewish police would catch people on the street, and whoever did not have working papers was taken away. People were afraid to go out on the street but had to get out to buy food which was a serious problem, with money running short. Food became very scarce and expensive, mostly being smuggled in various ways into the ghetto. The Jewish hearse drivers would smuggle food in the hearses when returning from the cemetery outside the ghetto. Because of the shortage of other meat, horse-meat and fat were used by many. I registered myself with a Jewish leader of a group going out to work outside the ghetto on the railroad. The group of about a hundred people met every morning with the Jewish leader, who had an order signed by the German authorities to let us out through the ghetto gate for work. Outside, a Polish railroad employee with a truck was waiting to take us to the railroad tracks on the outskirts of Warsaw. Everyone had to be paid off with bribes in order to get the job. The Jewish leader had to be paid, he had to pay bribes to the Pole, and the Pole probably paid the Germans -- we paid whomever we had to in order to stay alive.

There was much good clothing left in the ghetto by people taken away. The wide open apartments were vandalized, with people selling to each other whatever they picked up. I, like many others, could sell these things when we went out on our job. My father had to make a living, too; he would buy clothes or dry goods from people cheaply and I would smuggle them out wrapped under my

clothes. Our Polish driver would stop on our way to work at a prearranged spot to allow one or two Poles to get on the truck. They bought everything from us at bargain prices. With the money we would buy food to smuggle back home from Poles who came to the fence at the railroad yard. Though sometimes the Germans would let us through, many times they would examine our bags and confiscate everything or follow it up with some beating. We never knew in what shape we would get back home.

During my work on the railroad, I sent a note to the superintendent of the building managed by my father-in-law before the war. He came and spoke to me through the fence which surrounded the area. I asked him for help in getting my wife and myself Aryan papers or perhaps in finding some hiding place for us. Some Jews were living outside the ghetto on fake documents (such as baptism papers) or were hiding in the countryside on farms. The first alternative was probably unrealistic because of our definitely Jewish faces. Unfortunately, he could not (or would not) do anything for us.

Our cousin the dentist set up in our room a dental office, with a dental chair and many shelves full of medicine bottles. The shelves were on a door to another room, making the door appear to be part of the wall. This room later became a hiding place. As time went on, the Germans would raid apartments at night, while the occupants were sleeping; therefore, we had to have a room to hide in. As soon as we heard some commotion we would run through the door covered with shelves to the hidden room. Later on, the

few couples from the other rooms in the apartment found out about our concealed room and joined us when a raid was feared. My parents, too old to run fast, were living in the kitchen, which was permanently closed off. To get to the kitchen you had to crawl through a hole in the wall behind the toilet. Some people were hiding in the basement. For a while the Germans were at a loss to catch the people. They knew that the people were around because they saw them during the day, but where did they go to at night?

During their searches, we would hear the Germans going through the other rooms, moving things about. They would go through the whole apartment without finding anybody. Suspecting that there were hidden rooms, they would announce over loudspeakers that wherever there was somebody in a room the windows should be opened. When searching the apartments, they would open the windows in every room. Other soldiers standing on the street could see which windows were not open, indicating a hidden room. During these searches, our window would be closed, with us lying on the floor. On one occasion I took the chance and opened the window (Warsaw windows were the casement type), reaching with my arm from the floor and trying not to be noticed by the soldiers on the street looking up (our apartment was on the second floor).

Finally the Germans saw that there were some people left in the ghetto but could not discover them. They realized that people were hiding somewhere and decided to set house after house on fire in order to clear out the ghetto. In the meantime, a very active underground resistance was being organized in the Ghetto, which had

some contacts with the outside (mostly with Polish socialists) through the sewers. Nobody could go through the ghetto gates, which were watched by the Germans, who knew of the resistance build-up in the ghetto. Our house was near the gate, and one early April morning during Passover in 1943 I saw German soldiers in full gear marching into the ghetto, apparently for the final "clean up." The soldiers searched house after house and then set the houses on fire. We saw the house across the street (in which, in fact, I had been born) burning. When the time came for our house we all walked out from our hiding places, as we would be burned alive if we stayed there any longer. The Germans ordered us to walk with our hands up, as if we were prisoners of war, and marched us to the Umschlagplatz, where people were collected and then loaded into trains. We were all there -- my cousins, my parents, my wife, and our neighbors. This was almost the end of the ghetto; we were among the last to leave except for the resistance fighters, who held out for a few weeks.

We spent the night in one of the Umschlagplatz buildings, lying on the floor like cattle and guarded by Ukrainian soldiers dressed in black uniforms. They all carried sticks, and if you did not walk fast enough they would hit you over the head. The next day we were loaded into box cars on a train, packed like herring. The trip was not long; we went, as we found out later, to Treblinka. The freight cars were guarded outside by the Ukrainians, who were shooting at the few who jumped out of the train through a small wire-covered window. The soldiers all wanted money. I paid them 500 zlotys (a lot of money at that time) to get a bottle of water, as we were dying from thirst. They handed the bottle through the small window to somebody else, and by the time I received it there was hardly a drop left for my mother.

People were dying in the car; some had swallowed cyanide which they had carried with them. By the time we got to Treblinka half the people in the cars were dead. We were sitting and walking among the dead. When we arrived at this sad place it looked, from a distance, like any camp. As soon as the train stopped, young, strong men (Jews) waiting for our arrival opened the doors wide and rushed us out of the cars like cattle. They also quickly removed the dead bodies, which were taken away immediately. They chased us so fast that in a second we were all separated -- I never saw my wife nor my parents anymore. The women and older men were chased behind a fence into the "camp." As we found out later, they

were told to get undressed, as they were going to take a shower; actually they were going to the gas chambers. No one ever came out alive from there, but some information did get out through the few Jewish workers who were successful in running away into the forest to join the Polish underground or hide somewhere.

A group of young men from our transport, including myself, was left for a while standing in front of the emptied cars. A German officer lined us up and ordered us to pass single file in front of him. He pointed at each of us with his finger to walk either toward the camp or in the opposite direction. I took off my glasses and put them in my pocket, figuring that if one wears glasses he surely would go right away into the gas chamber -- we already had some notion of the fate of the people inside. Such a selection of young men for work was an infrequent occurrence; I was lucky to be among them. We were all so shocked by the quick series of events that we hardly realized the horror of the entire situation. Metal mugs and pails with water were then put out for us. We were all thirsty and gulped it down; it was amazing that we did not get dysentery after drinking all that water.

They loaded us back into the same train, which took us not far to a big transition camp in Lublin, a distribution center for different camps in that area. One of them, a very bad concentration camp, was Majdanek, (where our cousin Eva Bornes was) -- many people perished there. In other camps, selected men worked in ammunition or other defense factories.

In the transition camp I met some other people from Warsaw,

among them Dr. David Wdowinski, a psychiatrist and a known leader of the Revisionist (Zionist) movement in Poland, who came from one of the liquidated German defense factories in the Warsaw ghetto. The next morning they put us all in rows, ten in a row ready to march to the terrible camp, Majdanek. We were guarded by the black-uniformed Ukrainians, whom we referred to as the "Schwartze," the black ones. One of them asked for a watch; I had a good watch, an Omega, and gave it to him, feeling that I did not need anything anymore. At the last minute a German S.S. officer appeared with an order from headquarters to get 800 men for "his" labor camp in nearby Budzyn, which supplied Jewish workers for the airplane factory located there. This officer was Feix, the fuehrer of the Budzyn camp. I, being in one of the front rows, was among the first 80 rows of 10 which he counted off and ordered to march with him to a train for a ride to Budzyn. The rest of the people marched to Majdanek.

In the Camps: Budzyn and Radom

Besides myself five other physicians from Warsaw -- Drs. Wdowinski, Tylbor (with his teen-age son), Feinstein, Fenigstein, and Jacubovski -- arrived in Budzyn. Later also I met in the camp Eli Feinmesser, who had worked in my father's business for many years as a trusted cashier and bookkeeper. There were already in the camp two German Jewish physicians. One was Dr. Foerster, an older physician originally from Vienna, and the other was Dr. Mosbach, a German veteran. He was Jewish, and though his wife was a non-Jewish German, she would not leave him and came together with him and their little daughter to this labor camp.

After our arrival an "appel" (roll call) was held. The first thing we were told was that everyone who had valuables should give them up or they would be shot. People mostly followed the order, and I too took out the diamond sewn in my jacket and threw it into the collection box.

The next day they took all the doctors aside and employed us in some sort of ambulatory station. We did not go out to work at all in the airplane factory outside of the camp. One of the first procedures I witnessed in the ambulatory station was the amputation of a finger of a Mr. Silberberg (the brother-in-law of our friend Joseph Zysman). The finger had been injured by a gunshot by a Ukrainian on the way to Treblinka.

The camp was surrounded by a fence guarded by Ukrainians on towers located at the corners; at night the towers lit up the camp

with floodlights. However, the Germans gave us doctors a one-bedroom apartment outside the camp, in a small building near the entrance gate. A Jewish girl from camp came daily to take care of the apartment (she went back to camp for the night). We slept in our apartment without a guard around the building. Drs. Mosbach and Foerster also had apartments in the same building. Every morning we would take care of the sick in the camp and stayed around the barracks most of the day in order not to be seen idle by Feix, who would unexpectedly drive through the camp on his motorcycle. We got a piece of meat or a portion of butter, which we carefully divided equally among us. The other camp inmates did not get any meat or butter, except for what could be found in the soup here and there. When the people returned to the camp from work they first had to appear at the appel to be counted. There were two roll calls daily, in the morning and after work. Then they would receive their meager meal of soup and a piece of bread. In the morning they would get some ersatz coffee and a portion of bread with marmalade. When the people returned from work they lined up in front of the ambulatory. Not having proper shoes (wooden sole shoes) nor proper clothes, they had wounds, scratches, and abscesses. This was the time when all the doctors were busy dressing wounds, giving people medication, or doing whatever we could to help. After we were finished we went to our apartment for the night. The people stayed in their barracks, lying on their bunks and talking about their misery. About six in the morning was the appel -- people were counted like diamonds; the physicians were

excused from the roll calls.

One evening a group of inmates, planning to join the partisans in the woods tried to escape by cutting the wires in the fence, but it did not work out. The guards began shooting, some inmates being killed and others wounded. We doctors were then called to give medical aid to the wounded brought into the ambulatory.

Another sad incident should be mentioned. One day a Jew was caught with a double bottom in his aluminum dish, where he had hidden some money. (Everybody had one spoon and one dish, given to us by the Germans.) The penalty was very cruel. He had to run in front of everybody during the evening roll call and everyone had to hit him until he fell dead. The Germans then called for one of the physicians to pronounce him dead. None of us liked to go out to the appel field for this function, but Dr. Fenigstein volunteered for the task.

People were thin and emaciated, starving and always frightened, threatened with a beating. They worked hard and were subsisting on a very poor diet. A few had money with which they could buy some food from the Germans or the Poles in the factory, but the majority were skin and bones. Their skin would hang on the bones like a shirt or a suit on a hanger -- they referred to themselves as "hangers."

I should mention the Jewish leadership of the camp, which was responsible to Feix for the smooth functioning of everything at Budzyn. The Jewish leader was Stockman, a handsome, tall man, wearing the uniform of a Polish army lieutenant (of course without

any insignia). There was also another Jewish leader (in the uniform he had previously worn in the Polish army) who was in charge of the people when they went out to work. One was the leader inside, the other was the leader outside the camp. They were ex-Polish soldiers (not of high rank), familiar with the army routine which they followed in running the camp. While marching to work the people had to sing mostly Polish songs for marching soldiers, while being well-guarded by the Ukrainians on both sides. Both Jewish leaders had girlfriends, pretty good food, and separate rooms in a barrack. Although yelled at by Feix when he was in a rage, they tried to be as fair to the people as possible under the circumstances but had to follow Feix's orders, which at times were cruel.

Sometime in 1944 we found out that our camp was going to be changed to a concentration camp, which was being built by our workers right outside our camp, and that we would be moved there as soon as the new barracks were completed. The construction actually took only a few weeks. The transition to the new camp was very depressing. After a brief period we were told that the entire camp was being liquidated and that we had a choice of two other camps where we could "prefer" to be sent. I do not know why I picked the camp in Radom while my friend Feinmesser picked the other camp, Plashov, near Cracow, which, according to rumors, was a bad camp. Stockman, the Jewish leader of our camp, went with the group going to Plashov, which, like most camps, was near some defense factory.

Before describing my stay in Camp Radom I should mention that all camps had kapos appointed by the Jewish camp leaders. In charge of each barrack was a kapo, who did not work outside the camp and was responsible for the order and cleanliness of his barrack in general and for the bunks (which had two levels) in particular. The kapos made sure that all residents of their barracks are accounted for at the appel. They distributed the food portions of bread and jam and dished out the morning ersatz coffee and the evening soup. Due to their powerful position they would do favors to their friends for whatever reasons. Some tried to be fair to their wards, others were unduly harsh and abusive and were feared and hated. They would pick people to do some chores in the camp, which was preferable to going to work in the defense factories. At the work sites, there were also kapos, in addition to the German supervisors.

The majority of people in this camp, including the Jewish leader named Chil Friedman, came originally from Radom and knew one another in contrast to other camps where people from various places were lumped together. Camp Radom also had women working outside in the ammunition factory as well as in the camp kitchen. The atmosphere in the camp appeared to be calm, but the people worked hard in the ammunition factory and were subsisting on inadequate amounts of food. They were going out to work in the factory on different shifts, some working days and others working nights and sleeping in the camp during the day.

We arrived from Budzyn in the daytime and were gathered in a

big hall for processing by number, everyone having a number. The kapos and others who were in camp taking care of certain chores came in to see whether they would find among us a relative since people had lost contact with their families and nobody knew where the others were. A young woman attracted my attention because she reminded me of Henia, my cousin Nathan's sister. She noticed that I was looking at her and approached me. I told her that she reminded me of my cousin and she wanted to know who my cousin was. When I gave her the information, she told me that Henia's brother, my cousin Nathan Glinowiecki, was in this camp and that he had been a friend of her father and her family in Lodz. She also told me that he was presently in camp, sleeping in his barrack because he was working nights. She offered to wake him up to give him the news about my arrival.

I had not seen Nathan for a number of years before the war because he was living in Lodz (the Polish Manchester) where he was manufacturing textiles. When I looked at him he appeared to be tired and thin in his concentration camp white and blue pajama-like clothes, with a cap of the same material. (I was wearing my own suit from home until they switched the camp in Budzyn to a concentration camp, when we had to put on these pajamas, but I was still wearing a regular cap.) As we looked at each other in our "outfits" with the numbers we were sad and at the same time happy to see each other and be together. We began exchanging information about our families' tragic fate. He told me that he had been living in Lodz since he had gotten married a few years before the

war and that he had had a son, too. His wife was originally from Radom, and when the war broke out they went to Radom to his wife's family. He had subsequently lost his wife and child during the "selections" in Radom and had wound up in the camp. His wife's brother, a Mr. Rechtman, was also in this camp, as was Mr. Rechtman's wife, Ginna. (Both survived the war, as did their child, hidden by a Polish farmer, but Mr. Rechtman committed suicide after the war.) The following Sunday (Sundays the people did not go out to work) was Shavouth. I walked with Nathan all day in camp while we were telling each other what had happened to us and our families.

Favoritism was very common in the Radom camp and, as a result, I as a stranger and newcomer was not employed there as a physician. When I got to Radom there were two physicians originally from Radom, Drs. Baum and Neufeld. Through their connections with the camp leadership they made sure that neither I nor Dr. Tylbor, who had also come from Budzyn, were employed as physicians. I worked briefly in the factory outside the camp and then was assigned to work in the camp. There was always enough work in these camps, such as digging, paving roads, or repairing them. I was doing some digging with a few other men. When the German guards would approach we would start digging faster; we had a password, "sechs" ("six" in German), which meant "work faster, the guard is coming."

After some time, thanks to an influential man in the Jewish community in Radom who put in a good word for me, I was assigned a clerical job as the assistant to the SS man (a Rumanian German

national) who was in charge of labor statistics. (All the German nationals in the countries occupied by Germany became Germans.) My SS boss's function was to report daily how many people left the camp for work and how many worked in the camp; it took about an hour to make out the report and was a good excuse for him not to be on the front line in combat. I was the one who took care of his "work load," making out the report, with him signing it. I would take it outside the camp to the barracks where the German officers had their desks and hand it to an SS man named Hecker, who knew me by my first name "Heinrich." The Germans let me walk out of the camp with the daily report without a guard, apparently feeling that I would not run away -- where could I run?

Nathan continued to work hard in the defense plant on a complicated machine. Before my arrival he had suffered an extensive burn from hot oil spilled from the machine on his leg. He was unable to work for quite a while until the leg healed (leaving large scars).

In the meantime, the Germans were retreating on the eastern front and the Russians were getting closer to Radom. In August, 1944, our entire camp had to be evacuated. Because the camp's SS leader had difficulty getting a train for our transport, he had us walk through the town of Radom (with many Polish onlookers on the streets) and continue out of the town without any clear destination until a train would be available. Guarded on both sides of our column by German or Ukrainian guards with guns pointed at us, we were exhausted, hungry, and, worst of all, thirsty as a result of

walking all day. At dusk we stopped and were gathered on an open field surrounded by the armed guards. We received our portion of bread and soup and slept all night in this open field, keeping ourselves close to each other in order to stay warm (we had no covers). In the morning, like animals, we took care of our physiological needs on the field under the guards' watchful eyes.

We walked another day and toward evening reached the town of Tomashov, where we were huddled into a large empty hall, part of a well-known pre-war silk factory. Spending the night on the cold stone floor, in the morning we had the "luxury" of using toilet facilities located outside the building, though having to stand an hour in line in order to get in.

The third day our SS chief finally got a train, a freight train with box cars, to take us to our destination, which was unknown to us. We traveled in these box cars sitting or lying on floors covered with straw until we arrived outside the Auschwitz concentration camp. They unloaded us but, luckily for us, did not march us into the camp. After a few hours they ordered the men back onto the same train, all the women having been left in Auschwitz. We traveled another few days until arriving at a newly built concentration camp in Vaihingen, near Stuttgart, Germany, which was a branch of a large camp in Natzweiler, in Alsace (France). All through the trip from Radom I stayed close to my cousin Nathan, his brother-in-law Rechtman, and Nathan's friend Kirschenbaum (the father of the young woman who had reminded me of Nathan's sister on my arrival in Radom and had facilitated our

reunion).

After our arrival in Vaihingen we were assigned to our barracks and appeared at a general appel, during which assignments were made for various jobs in this newly started camp. In every camp there were some chosen inmates who had functions within the camp which spared them from hard labor. At the appel in Vaihingen the assignments were made by the SS officer Hecker, to whom I had been handing in the daily labor reports in Radom, assisted by the Jewish leader from Radom, Chil Friedman. Unlike other camps the German leader of Camp Vaihingen was not a SS officer but a colonel of the Wehrmach (the German army). However, in reality Hecker and a few other SS officers were in charge of the inmates. Hecker approved all the assignments suggested by Friedman, who distributed them among his people from Radom. These included the two physicians from Radom, Drs. Baum and Neufeld, after which Hecker said that two physicians were enough. Other assignments were then made, among them the kitchen, which were probably among the best assignments, as one could have a little better food. All of the kitchen jobs were given to people from Radom. Dr. Tylbor and myself were left out, not being originally from Radom. Not having an assignment inside the camp meant hard labor outside the camp. Then unexpectedly help came for me from SS officer Hecker! Remembering me from Radom, he asked Friedman: "Where is this Heinrich?" Friedman had no choice in the matter and as per Hecker's order assigned me to a job as clerk in the kitchen.

This was a wonderful position despite the watchful eye of the German chief of the kitchen, a big, husky SS man (originally from Yugoslavia) who was very tough and sometimes merciless. Kitchen workers usually ate their meals in the kitchen, which meant getting your soup first before it was sent out to the barracks, where it would be dished out by the kapos according to their likes or dislikes. Before giving the soup portion to a favorite the kapo would stir the kettle well, but when giving it to somebody else he would dish out only the liquid portion. After eating in the kitchen I would fill up my covered aluminum dish (which I still had from Budzyn) with soup for my cousin Nathan, who shared it with his brother-in-law. This was a very risky action, since the German SS chief was frequently around, and if he had caught me the punishment would have been severe whipping. Whipping in public was the accepted form of punishment for offenses. The SS man would do it with all his might and force, counting up to ten or more -- a horrible sight. At times the SS kitchen chief at Vaihingen appeared to be human; he knew that I was a doctor and would ask me for some advice if he had a medical problem.

After some time the Germans moved some of the inmates to another concentration camp nearby. Among them was Nathan's brother-in-law, Rechtman. He became a kapo there and, despite the fact that he was trying to be fair to the people, they complained about him. After the war, when people were judging kapos for their behavior, in the Stuttgart Displaced Persons Camp, Rechtman could not take it and committed suicide. My cousin Nathan remained with

me in our camp at Vaihingen, as did Dr. Tylbor, whose work involved carrying stones. The work was hard and the food minimal; people were dying almost daily. Among us was a dental technician whose function was to remove gold teeth from the deceased.

After the Germans moved some people to the other nearby camp, our camp became mainly a hospital camp. Each hospital barracks had a doctor and a kapo. By this time I was employed as a doctor in the camp, and the typhoid barracks were assigned to me. For a short period they brought to our camp sick people from other camps, both Jews and non-Jews. From the Natzweiler camp (in Alsace, France) came people of various nationalities, among them Norwegians who were involved in the underground resistance movement (including a Norwegian doctor, Paulsen, and a Belgian doctor). In charge of the doctors (myself, Baum and Neufeld) was a German doctor, a lieutenant of the Luftwaffe (German Air Force). He pretended to act as a doctor, as if caring for the patients' health, discussing their medical condition with us daily and even making available to us a limited amount of some simple medications. I became more involved with Baum and Neufeld (still remembering their earlier unfriendly attitude toward me), as we shared the potatoes that we managed to get and cook in their room, although I was still living in my barracks.

Shortly afterward Nathan contracted typhoid and became my patient. Under the circumstances he was glad to be in the barracks that I was taking care of, since I was able to bring him daily some of our cooked potatoes, of which the other patients were envious.

We all knew what was happening on the front lines. Through contacts with the people working outside the camp we knew that the Germans were losing the war and that the Americans were moving closer to the area where our camp was located (currently in West Germany). We were counting the days and hoping that some of us would survive.

Suddenly, one night in the beginning of April, 1945, came an order to transfer 800 people to Dachau, accompanied by one of the doctors. Baum and Neufeld somehow manipulated with the German doctor to send me as the doctor with the group going to Dachau. The bad news hit Nathan and myself badly, as he was in a special position to have me look after him in his illness. We hardly had a chance to say good-bye to each other and both had tears in our eyes, wondering whether we would ever see each other again. Everything happened on short notice. My group was immediately loaded on the train going to Dachau, where we arrived on another cold night.

According to the rules, new arrivals in any camp were first given showers and fresh "clothes" -- for "cleanliness." Being the doctor, I was "honored" with the first shower, before the water got warm. I will probably never forget this chilling shower, after which I donned my pajama-like outfit and was given a number, 150383. After the other 800 people had their showers we marched to the barracks. To my surprise, there I met Dr. Wdowinski, who had gotten there from some other camp.

The 800 men from Vaihingen were assigned to work. I obtained

some kind of a medical job, for which I received an extra piece of bread. A few days later we heard that President Roosevelt had died and that the situation on the front was becoming very bad for the Germans. They began evacuating Dachau. Dachau was a very big camp, and I was not there long enough to really know any details about it. Groups of people were transported to different places. I (and Dr. Wdowinski) were in a group loaded on a passenger train that was guarded by Germans (there were no Ukrainians there). Our train left Dachau the evening of April 26. We did not know our destination and I do not think that the Germans themselves knew. It was already common knowledge that the war was coming to an end. We stopped at different train stations, sometimes just staying there for hours. We received some food rations; one night we slept in a barn in Seefeld. At one point there were rumors that the war had come to an end, and the guards started to talk to us like we were human beings, but the rumor was later corrected. Finally, in the late afternoon of April 29, 1945, our group was taken off the train in Schwarnitz, guarded by a rather small number of guards. As ordered we were marching somewhere until dusk, when the guards gathered us in an area surrounded by woods and on one side by water (a river or a creek). There was no drinkable water and no food. The guards were standing around watching us and talking to each other. We were very cold, hungry, and thirsty, thinking that this was our end. We knew that their end was close, too, but they could finish us off in a few minutes. We were closed in by water on one side and woods on the other.

When it got dark and we looked around, the guards were gone. Being so used to having guards around us, we felt lost not knowing what to do without them. We started to walk around and look around for the guards, but they were indeed gone. We could hardly believe our eyes. We were hesitant to move further in our prisoner clothes for fear of being accused of escaping from a concentration camp.

We decided to form a column of ten in a row and started walking toward a road. If someone should stop us, we would tell them whom we were, that we were in a concentration camp (we were all wearing those pajamas with numbers), and that the guards had let us go but we did not know where to go. It was dark; we finally came to a road and kept marching on this road, not knowing where it would lead. When we saw a group of German soldiers in the distance, we stopped marching and sent a delegation to ask them for advice and directions.

A Wehrmacht officer told our delegation that the soldiers had nothing to do with concentration camps and that they did not care where we went but that we should stay away from that area which was close to the front line. Our group of about a hundred people continued walking in another direction. We came to a town, Partenkirchen, but nobody would let us in anywhere. We looked suspicious in our camp uniforms and shaven heads. Having no choice, we kept on walking toward the outskirts of the town. Noticing haystacks on the fields, we decided to take advantage of them as a temporary shelter for the night. These haystacks were surrounded by low fences and protected from above by roofs

supported by posts on the corners. We walked up the mountainous fields and climbed over the fence of a large haystack. We lay down on the hay, being glad to have found a place to get some badly needed rest. We were hungry and thirsty on this cold night of April 30, 1945. At dawn we saw single soldiers walking by with their military equipment, giving the impression that they had left their army units. We were lying below the fence in order not to be seen by these soldiers, who could in the last minute avenge their anger on us.

In the morning we noticed a farm house down the road and sent two of our group to try and get some information. They were accepted in a friendly manner and offered a warm drink, but most importantly were told that the Americans were approaching and would probably reach this place in an hour. They were also given warm drinks to take back to the rest of us at the haystack. Rejoicing when we heard the happy news, we began looking down the road expecting to see the Americans. It did not take long for military trucks to start rolling toward us. At first descending slowly, when we saw the American insignia on the trucks we all went down and stood alongside the road. The Americans, having previously liberated some concentration camps, recognized from our appearance that we were concentration camp inmates and kept on throwing candy, cookies, and other food packages at us. We devoured all the goodies, being elated and happy to live to this moment, May 1, 1945. We suddenly became very confident and courageous and marched in the same direction as the trucks until we reached the town of

Garmisch. The town was in a turmoil, the Americans just having entered and taken control of the local government, which was ordered to take care of us. We received vouchers for meals in a restaurant (we had no money to pay with), of which we quickly took advantage. We were also told that some living quarters would be set up for us shortly. Having eaten we walked around as free men feeling proud, as if we had conquered the town.

After a while we witnessed an unforgettable scene. On the square in front of the town hall the Americans gathered a group of German soldiers and disarmed them. They then ordered them to take off their knapsacks and throw them in a big pile on the ground. While we were looking on, they marched the Germans off and told us to open the knapsacks and take whatever we wanted. We found in them shirts, underwear, eating utensils, and, most importantly, different packages or cans with food rations; everyone of us took whatever he could carry.

We broke up in small groups in order to get into individual homes temporarily until permanent arrangements were made. Feeling exultant, we walked around the main streets of the town, knocking on doors and demanding (frequently in an arrogant manner) to be let in. In many houses there were only women with children, the men being either in the army or in hiding, and they were probably afraid of us after their indoctrination by the Nazi regime. We were loud and persistent and all of our small groups managed somehow to get into homes for the night. With four other men, I met a relatively friendly reception in one house after we assured

them that we want to have our meal there (we had plenty of food in our newly acquired knapsacks) and sleep overnight. There were only a few women, who were running a laundry business, in the house, and they made available for us a room on the second floor. They allowed us to take a shower and set up a big table for our "festive" meal. It, was a mixture of all the kinds of food that we had found in the German soldiers' knapsacks -- sardines, preserves, canned food, cake, candy -- things that we had not seen for years. The women made warm drinks for us, and we invited them to join us at the table.

We slept in comfort, but in the morning I got severe abdominal pains, apparently not being used to the combination of foods that we had eaten the previous evening. Although the nearby American compound was "off limits" to civilians, one of our men got an American medic (no doctor was available), who came to the house and gave me an injection. I assume it was an injection of morphine, after which I fell asleep. I woke up about six hours later and felt well. Luckily it was not an attack of appendicitis, for which the injection would have been the wrong treatment. The American soldiers, both Jews and non-Jews, were interested in hearing about our camp experiences and tried to be helpful, mainly with food. Some of our men worked and ate in the American kitchens, but I was eating in German restaurants, using the vouchers which I had received from the local government.

Gradually we spread into different German homes nearby, but we kept close, usually having breakfast together in any of these

homes. Some American Jewish soldiers took a special interest in us. One, a Mr. Katzen from the Bronx, New York, took a picture of our small group while we still were in our concentration camp clothing. Another Jewish soldier sent a letter for me through the military post to my uncle Maurice Schulweis to the Jewish Daily Forwards in New York. I did not know my uncle's address but I knew that he used to work for this newspaper.

In Garmisch-Partenkitchen and Stuttgart: After Liberation

In the meantime a Displaced Persons (D.P.) camp was set up in Garmisch for all the newcomers in the Garmisch-Partenkirchen area (these are twin towns adjoining each other). There, people of various nationalities who were in different labor camps in Germany found a temporary residence. These included Poles and Ukrainians, whose backgrounds nobody checked; all appeared to be friendly although some of them might have been our guards in camp. Having no choice I slept in the D.P. camp a few nights and kept there my few possessions which I had gotten from the German knapsacks. As did all the other Jews, I tried to get out of this place and move in with a German family.

There was a shortage of some special food items, such as coffee and chocolate, and the Germans were glad to have us as tenants because we would get these items from the Americans. We traded them for clothes, which was how I got my first suit, as well as a pair of shoes after the war (I still have a shoehorn with the name of a Garmisch-Partenkirchen shoe store). On May 12, 1945, I had a photographer take a picture of me in this "new" outfit. Shortly afterward I moved in with a middle-age German couple who had a small house at 45 Zugspitzstrasse in Garmisch. They mentioned vaguely that they had lost one son in the war and that another son was a P.O.W.. For a nominal rent I had a small room and was getting along well with them.

In Garmisch-Partenkirchen I met people from both the Radom

and Budzyn camps, among them Dr. Foerster, with whom I had been in the Budzyn camp. He gave me a statement attesting to the fact that I was a physician in the Budzyn camp. Most of us ex-inmates from the concentration and labor camps had no documents to prove our identity. The military government and other agencies tried to remedy this problem. A "Temporary Registration" certificate (dated June 28, 1945) with my fingerprints was issued to me by the military government of Germany. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (U.N.R.R.A.) of Garmisch-Partenkirchen issued me an "Identity Card" with my picture. I also received a certificate from the camp office in Dachau (dated August 6, 1945) that I was in the Dachau concentration camp from April 9, 1945, to the day of "deliverance" by the United States Army under the number 150383 "in the Camp books" and another one to the same effect by the Political Prisoners office in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Those who were Polish citizens at the outbreak of the war (September 1, 1939) organized a committee and issued identification certificates to their registrants (who included Jews, Poles, and Ukrainians) without checking anybody's background.

This Polish committee set up a medical dispensary, which was open a few hours daily for the treatment of its members. I was the only physician there besides a "practical physician" (known in Poland as a "Feldscher"), who could treat minor ailments without being a licensed physician. However, I was interested in getting back to medicine in the local hospital in order to refresh my memory and gain some experience. The chief doctor in the Garmisch

hospital, Dr. Reiser, was very courteous and cooperative and allowed me to come into the dispensary daily, where I worked a few hours dressing wounds and treating skin infections under his supervision (despite my lacking proper proof that I was a physician). There was also in the dispensary a young physician (apparently not yet licensed to practice medicine on his own) who was an assistant to Dr. Reiser and reluctantly tolerated my presence. I joined Dr. Reiser and his assistant on his daily hospital rounds, when he would examine his patients, discussing their condition and progress. Dr. Reiser was a general practitioner and surgeon, taking care of all of his patients' medical and surgical problems, except for gynecological ones. I assisted him in setting fractures and was even present in the operating room when he was operating. I was glad to use this time in a productive way. The only other doctor whom I came across in Garmisch was a gynecologist who would use the dispensary to take care of his patients after Dr. Reiser's clinical hours. He resented my presence and would impatiently wait for me to get out of the dispensary.

I became acquainted with a number of people who were in Garmisch after their liberation from concentration camps. I did not know for a few months what had happened to the people in the Vaihingen camp and, in particular, to my cousin Nathan, whom I had left still ill with typhoid. There was no communication between distant locations until people gradually began to travel by trains, which ran without any reliable schedule. Through such indirect

information I finally found out that Nathan was well and together with other Vaihingen survivors in a D.P. camp in Stuttgart. Anxious to be together with Nathan, a few weeks before the Jewish High Holidays (1945) I gave up my room and my "work" in Garmisch and left by train for Stuttgart. It was a happy reunion with Nathan, who was an active member of the Jewish committee running the camp. I was assigned a room in the same apartment where he had his room.

The military government ordered the Germans to vacate an entire block on Bismarckstrasse in order to make room for the D.P. camp. The area was not enclosed in any way (as the name would imply) -- it was just one street block occupied only by the Jews. A committee consisting of concentration camp survivors managed the camp under the friendly supervision of an U.N.R.R.A. team of a few Jewish Americans (in U.S. Army uniforms with the U.N.R.R.A. insignia), who provided for the food, clothing and other supply needs of the few hundred people. In the kitchen run by the committee a few German women were working, being glad to take advantage of the opportunity to get better food for themselves and their children. As I mentioned earlier, though there was a shortage at that time of such food products as chocolate and coffee, we received more than adequate amounts of these from the Americans. Coffee was an important trading commodity, with which our people bought clothes and even jewelry. In this way I obtained a gold watch and two nice leather briefcases (one of which I gave to my uncle Maurice when I came to the United States).

There was a dispensary for medical care in the Stuttgart D.P. camp, with Dr. Baum from Radom in charge. I was assigned the position of the doctor in another, smaller D.P. camp set up in Degerloch, a suburb of Stuttgart. Each day I would be picked up by a Canadian nurse who was with the U.N.R.R.A. (Hazel Dobson from Vancouver, British Colombia) and taken to Degerloch, where I would spend a few hours taking care of the patients. While our D.P. camp on Bismarckstrasse housed mainly people from the Radom camp, the Degerloch camp provided shelter to people from various camps in Germany who came to Stuttgart.

I should mention the unforgettable, impressive High Holy Days services, the first after the war, which we had in the Stuttgart opera house. The services were arranged by the Jewish chaplains of the U.S. Army for the soldiers stationed in the area, and we were invited to participate. We traveled there by trolley cars, which we used without paying the fare, being for the moment proud, "privileged" people tolerated by the defeated Germans. The services in the filled-to-capacity opera house gave us a warm feeling of belonging again to a Jewish community and returning to Jewish life.

A few months after the establishment of the D.P. camp in Stuttgart a general meeting was held for the election of the committee members managing the camp. My cousin Nathan was active in camp affairs and, despite (or perhaps because of) my not being involved in camp business, I was elected by acclamation to be the chairman of the general meeting; apparently I was considered to be

impartial and trustworthy. I could not refuse, although I felt uncomfortable conducting the meeting in Jewish. Though I had spoken Jewish at home with my parents and relatives (with my wife and in-laws I spoke Polish), I did not know the formal, literary language needed to conduct a public meeting. However, the people refused to let me conduct it in Polish.

In October, 1945, our D.P. camp was honored with a visit by General Eisenhower, accompanied by members of his headquarters staff from Frankfort, including Jewish advisors. He inspected a few buildings and the camp kitchen, asking some routine questions. Nobody among us, except for a young woman and I, could speak English. Although I had studied English for three years at the Commercial Academy in Warsaw, I was not fluent in it. The two of us managed to answer the general's questions fairly well without having to resort to the help of an interpreter, whom I believe could have been found among the accompanying officers. It was a pleasant event for the people, following around the general and his staff and feeling grateful for everything the Americans had done for us, and for first of all having saved our lives. Somebody snapped a photo of the general walking with me on one side and the young woman on the other and later gave me a copy of it. Years later I sent it for his autograph to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where Eisenhower was living after completing his presidency; I received it by return mail with his signature (or facsimile).

While I was living in Garmisch-Partenkirchen and later during my stay in Stuttgart, I traveled a few times to Munich, where a

central organization was set up to register survivors of various camps, thus enabling people to find relatives or friends among the registrants. I searched the lists in Munich and also in other D.P. camps in Bavaria, although I hardly had any hope of finding my wife and my parents whom I had left in Treblinka. I did not find even any distant relatives.

After some time people had to make up their mind where they want to emigrate to. Whoever had relatives abroad wanted to join them, some going to Israel, others to the United States. After the initial contact with my uncle Maurice in New York through an American Jewish soldier, I was corresponding with him regularly. My friend Shilem Warhaftig wanted me to join him in Israel. However, I decided to go to the United States, where I had my uncle Maurice and uncle Irving, my mother's brothers. Although Nathan had no relatives in the United States, he too decided to go there. Neither one of us was interested in spending any more time in Germany, wanting to leave that country as fast as possible. However, it did take some time after we had registered our choices for various formalities to be taken care of.

In the meantime I participated in a conference of Jewish medical doctors in Landsberg (Bavaria) which took place from February 9, 1946 to February 11, 1946. It was a very exciting event, meeting many Jewish doctors liberated after the war and staying in the American Occupation Zone. Later in April, 1946, I participated in a two week course (4/1/46-4/13/46) of daily lectures in tropical medicine, given for a group of Jewish doctors

by the Tropical Diseases Institute of the university in Tuebingen, Germany. After completing the course we received certificates and had a group dinner in a nice restaurant at the river.

On April 24, 1946, the United States Consulate General in Stuttgart processed Nathan's and my emigration papers, among others, and after a physical examination (anybody with a serious medical problem would not be permitted to enter the United States) we were approved to emigrate and given Certificate of Identity (with our pictures) in lieu of passports. Four days later we left Stuttgart by train, arriving the next day in Bremen, where we stayed in the Bremen Emigrant Staging Area (a kind of transition camp) until our departure for the United States on the SS Marine Flasher on May 9, 1946. The fare of $142 was paid for me by the Joint Distribution Committee (a division of the future United Jewish Appeal), from whom I also received $5 in pocket money. (A few years afterward I paid back all the money that I had received for the fare and for later maintenance support while studying for my medical license.) My luggage consisted of a cheap valise which I had gotten in trade for chocolate and cigarettes (which everybody received in Germany with our allotments) and two briefcases which I had acquired in the same way; these were more than sufficient for my "possessions."

Nathan and I enjoyed the trip despite the SS Marine Flasher's being a converted army boat with very simple accommodations. We slept on bunks but food was abundant, and we were lucky to be among the few who were not seasick. A day before our arrival in New York the captain of the ship threw a farewell party for us with food and

songs. The ship arrived in port on the night of May 19, 1946 and we stayed on it overnight, watching from the deck the brightly lit-up city and the stream of cars running on a nearby highway.

The next morning U.S. Immigration Service officials boarded the boat and began checking everybody's documents before letting them off the ship. Nathan and I were among the last ones on the list and were taken care of quite late in the day. Because I had not informed him about the date of my arrival, I was not aware that my uncle Maurice was waiting for me until he was allowed to come on the ship. He had found my name on the list of passengers published by "The Post" (a Bronx newspaper). Passengers' relatives were not allowed on the ship, but my uncle, having some papers proving that he had been working for a newspaper (the Jewish daily, "The Forwards"), managed to get through. After the formalities were completed he took me to his home in the Bronx, New York.

My cousin Nathan (who was not related to my uncle) and other people not having relatives in New York went to the Hotel Marseilles in Manhattan off Broadway, around 90th Street. I felt badly parting from Nathan, with whom I had been very close during our years together in the camps, sometimes facing death together. However, I could not help it and, after exchanging our new addresses, I went with my uncle. We both certainly intended to meet as soon as possible. On the way home I remarked to my uncle about the streets being littered with paper, which I had not expected to see in the big city of New York. His reply surprised me even more, as he said that this was giving employment to the

sanitation workers. Being excited at my arrival, my uncle mistakenly took a subway train going to Brooklyn instead of one going to the Bronx. We had to change trains at a certain station, dragging along my modest luggage. He did not think of taking a taxi on this "great occasion," apparently feeling that it was too expensive.

I stayed with my uncle Maurice for three weeks until I began my internship at Israel Zion Hospital in Brooklyn, when I began living in the hospital. My uncle was a recent widower, having lost his wife to cancer shortly before my arrival. His son Harold (an only child), a rabbinical student, was living in the school dormitory and coming home on some weekends. I met him on my first Saturday in New York, and he gave me as a gift an English-Polish/Polish-English dictionary. He and his father eagerly listened to my story of the wartime experiences and of the fate of the rest of the family in Europe. On weekdays I would frequently accompany my uncle wherever he went for his business activities. He took me downtown to an optician and got me a pair of new eyeglasses.

My other uncle, Irving, found out about my arrival and was eager to have me visit him and his family. Since the two brothers were not on speaking terms at this time, I had to make the trip to my uncle Irving (who was also living in the Bronx) by myself. Although it was a little complicated for a newcomer, I managed pretty well to get to him by bus, having to transfer and change buses. The next visits to Irving and his family became routine.

His wife, aunt Fannie, took me shopping and bought me a hat, nice brown trousers, and a pair of brown shoes. On May 25, 1946, she made a birthday party for me, inviting some of her relatives. Except for my Bar Mitzvah celebration, I had never had a birthday party before, it not being customary in Poland.

Shortly after my arrival I filed my first citizenship papers in the Bronx County Court. I alerted the court clerk to the difficult spelling of my last name (Gliniewiecki) and spelled it very slowly, but she still made a mistake (to be later corrected). The way my name was pronounced in English sounded so different to me that when I was first paged in the hospital during my internship, I did not realize that they were calling me. Unlike most people, I did not wait until receiving my citizenship papers to change my name, changing it to Glenwick by a court order effective February 9, 1948.

My internship at Israel Zion Hospital (later called Maimonides Hospital) ran from June 10, 1946, to June 10, 1947. During this time I passed an exam in the English language, a prerequisite for applying for a medical license. After completing my internship I took a three-month course given by a Dr. Rotte, who was tutoring European doctors for the medical license exams. (In Europe there had not been any written exams in medicine, only individual clinical exams with the respective professors of each subject.) During Dr. Rotte's course I met Dr. Berta Rubinstein and studied together with her full-time in preparation for the exams. We continued studying even after having taken the exams in case we had

to repeat all or part of the exam. One day in October, 1947, while studying in Berta's home, I received a pleasantly surprising phone call from my aunt Fannie, telling me that I received a letter (I had given her address as my mailing address) informing me that I passed the entire exam. Berta, who was not as fluent in English as I was, had to repeat one part of the exam.

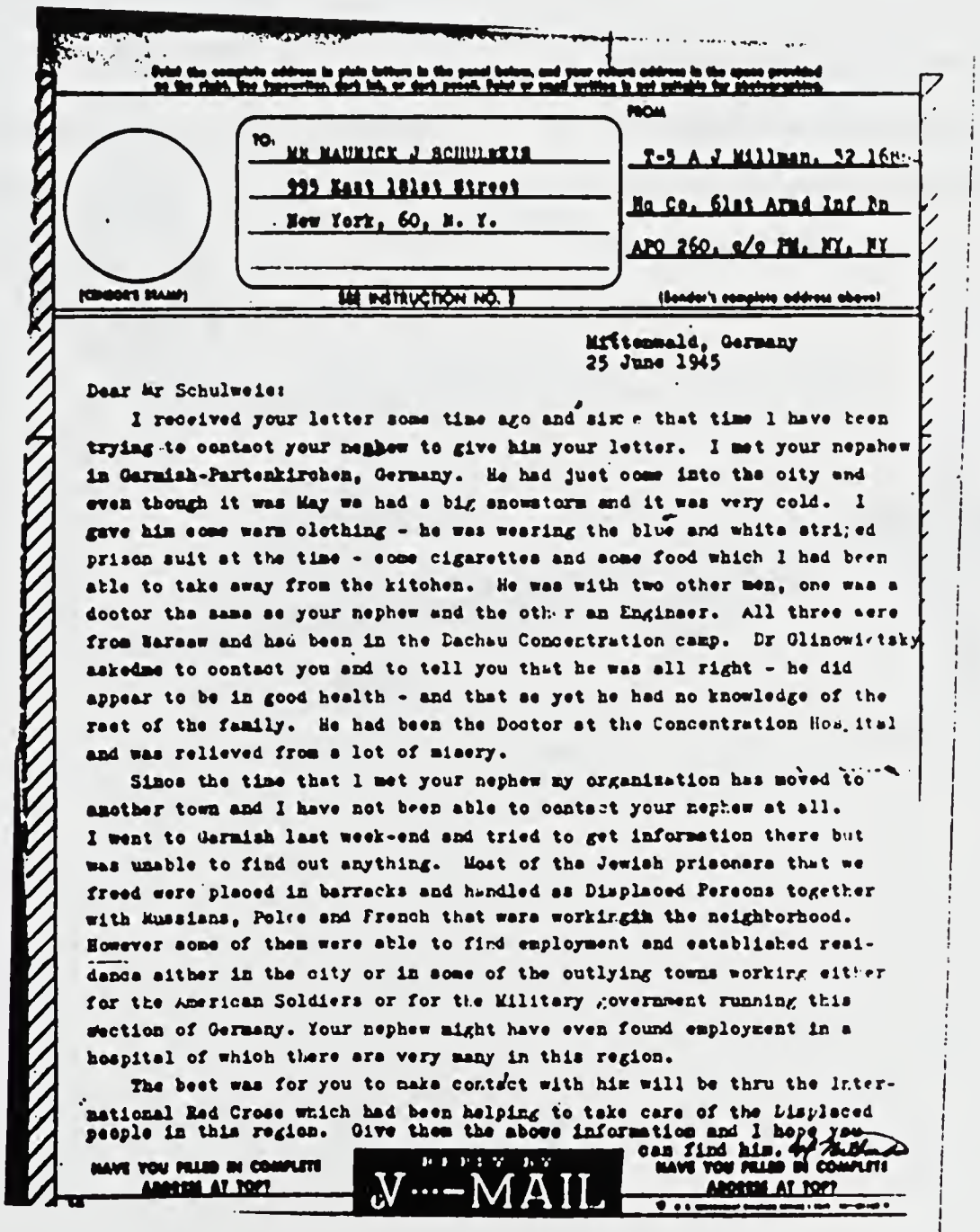
During my internship another intern, Dr. Izak Goldberg, introduced me to his second cousin Celia Kaplan, my future wife. We used to meet on Saturdays at 6 P.M. at Radio City in Manhattan. I would come there from the Bronx, where I was living in a furnished room after having completed my internship and she would come from Brooklyn; she was never late. Despite our different backgrounds, and a one-week interruption in our courtship, during our Thanksgiving (1947) dinner at a table for two in the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn we decided to get married. We were married on February 22, 1948, in a rabbi's study and then had a reception dinner for about twenty-five relatives at Gluckstern's, a restaurant in Manhattan.

Following our honeymoon in the Washington, D.C. area, we moved into our newly furnished and equipped residence and office at 1555 Boston Road in the Bronx. There I began my medical practice as a general practitioner in April, 1948.

APPENDIX

APPROXIMATE DATES

Warsaw Ghetto	March 1942 - April 1943
Camp Budzyn	May 2, 1943 - May 20, 1944
Camp Radom	May 1944 - July 1944
Camp Vaihingen	August 1944 - March 1945
Camp Dachau	April 1945 - liberation
Garmisch	May 1, 1945 - September 1945
Stuttgart	September 1945 - April 28, 1946



Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided at the right. For instructions, see back of card. Insert letter or small article to be enclosed for photographing.

TO: MR MAURICK J SCHULWEIS
995 East 181st Street
New York, 60, N. Y.

FROM
T-5 A J Millman, 32 16...
Hq Co, 61st Armd Inf Bn
APO 260, c/o PM, NY, NY

(Sender's complete address above)

(CENSOR'S STAMP) (INSTRUCTION NO.)

Mittenwald, Germany
25 June 1945

Dear Mr Schulweis:

I received your letter some time ago and since that time I have been trying to contact your nephew to give him your letter. I met your nephew in Garmish-Partenkirchen, Germany. He had just come into the city and even though it was May we had a big snowstorm and it was very cold. I gave him some warm clothing - he was wearing the blue and white striped prison suit at the time - some cigarettes and some food which I had been able to take away from the kitchen. He was with two other men, one was a doctor the same as your nephew and the other an Engineer. All three were from Warsaw and had been in the Dachau Concentration camp. Dr Olinowitsky asked me to contact you and to tell you that he was all right - he did appear to be in good health - and that as yet he had no knowledge of the rest of the family. He had been the Doctor at the Concentration Hospital and was relieved from a lot of misery.

Since the time that I met your nephew my organization has moved to another town and I have not been able to contact your nephew at all. I went to Garmish last week-end and tried to get information there but was unable to find out anything. Most of the Jewish prisoners that we freed were placed in barracks and handled as Displaced Persons together with Russians, Poles and French that were working in the neighborhood. However some of them were able to find employment and established residence either in the city or in some of the outlying towns working either for the American Soldiers or for the Military Government running this section of Germany. Your nephew might have even found employment in a hospital of which there are very many in this region.

The best was for you to make contact with him will be thru the International Red Cross which had been helping to take care of the Displaced people in this region. Give them the above information and I hope you can find him.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V···—MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Political Prisoners Office D. P. C. 109. Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

Y 0036

Bestätigung.

Es wird hiermit bestätigt, daß

Name Dr. G L I N I E W I E C K I

Vorname H e r s z

geboren am 25. Mai 1909

in W a r s c h a u

Letzte Häftlingsnummer 150383

als ehemaliger politischer Häftling aus dem Konzentrationslager D a c h a u

Nebenkommando

registriert wurde.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the 29th of May 1945.

Political Prisoners Committee.

Für Lebensmittelmarken ungültig

Druck von A. Adam, Garmisch

Certificate.

We cetifie, that

Name Dr. G L I N I E W I E C K I

Surname H e r s z

born on 25. May 1909

in W a r s a w

the last matriculation number 150383

was registered at "Displaced Persons Center 109" as political prisoner in the Concentration Camp

D a c h a u

Secondary Commando

Camp Office of Dachau Date 6.8.1945.

Certificate No. 2002

It is hereby certified that Mr.c. Dr. Gliniewicki Hersz, born 25.5.1909 in Warszawa, was detained in Dachau Concentration Camp from 9.4.1945. to the day of deliverance by the United States Army and was registered in the Camp Books under the number 150383. He came from Conc. Camp - Natzweiler.

Camp Office

M.

/ Domagala Jan /
Camp

Camp Secretary of Dachau

B e s c h e i n i g u n g.

Bescheinige hiermit dass Dr.G L I [illegible] I [illegible] C [illegible] I Herez als Lager-Arzt im Krankenhaus des Arbeitslagers Budzyn bei Lublin vom2.Mai 1943 bis 20.Mai 1944 beschäftigt war .

Der Obengenannte hat seine Pflichte als Arzt gewissenhaft erfüllt.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.29.Juni 1945

Dr.Friedrich Förster

Ehemaliger Chef-Arzt des Lagers Budzyn

Die eigenhändige Unterschrift des Herrn Dr.Friedrich Förster wird hiermit bestätigt.

JEWISH RELIEF COM... GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN HILFSSTELLE FÜR...

B e s c h e i n i g u n g .

Bescheinige hiermit,dass während unseren Aufenthaltes im Konzentrationslager Vaihingen/Enz bei Stuttgart der Dr.G L I N I E W I E C K I Hersz im Krankenhaus dieses Lagers als Arzt vom 1.Dezember 1944 bis 31.März 1945 beschäftigt war.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen,den 1.Juli 1945

Ch. Frydman

Chil Frydman,ehemaliger Lager-Alteste des Konz.Lag.Vaihingen/Enz

eigenhändige Unterschrift wird hiermit beglaubigt

-2. Juli 1945

Der Bürgermeister
des Marktes Garmisch-Partenkirchen

Im Auftrag

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF GERMANY

TEMPORARY REGISTRATION

Zeitweilige Registrierungskarte

Name / *Name*: Dr. Gliniewiecki Hersz

Alter / *Age*: 36 Geschlecht / *Sex*: männlich

Ständige Adresse / *Permanent Address*: Warschau

Beruf / *Occupation*: Arzt

Jetzige Adresse / *Present Address*: Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Zugspitzstr.45. jetzt Wintergarten

Der Inhaber dieser Karte ist als Einwohner von der Stadt Warschau
z. Zt. kriegsbedingt anwesend in Garmisch-Partenkirchen
vorschriftsmäßig registriert und ist es ihm oder ihr strengstens verboten, sich von diesem Platz zu entfernen. Zuwiderhandlung dieser Maßnahme führt zu sofortigem Arrest. Der Inhaber dieses Scheines muß diesen Ausweis stets bei sich führen.

The holder of this card is duly registered as a resident of the town of Warschau
presently resident in Garmisch-Partenkirchen
_____ *and is prohibited from leaving the place designated. Violation of this restriction will lead to immediate arrest. Registrant will at all times have this paper on his person.*

Allen F. Lund
Capt. A.C.

Bestätigung Nr. G 0036
Legitimations-Nummer
Identity Card Number

Name and Rank
Mil Gov Officer, U.S. Army

Linker Finger

Unterschrift des Inhabers
Signature of Holder

Garmisch, 28. Juni 1945.
Datum der Ausstellung
Date of Issue

(Dies ist kein Personal-Ausweis und erlaubt keine Vorrechte.) *(This is not an identity document and allows no privileges.)*

ADAMDRUCK GARMISCH

Finger print
Odcisk palca

IDENTITY CARD
DOWÓD OSOBISTY

№ 00569

Glinniewicki
Last Name Nazwisko

Henryk
First Name Imiona

25.5.1909
Date of birth Data urodzenia

Warszawa
Place of birth Miejsce urodzenia

męska
Sex Płeć
Married ~~Żonaty~~ ~~Zamężna~~
Single Wolny ~~Niezamężna~~

żydowska
Origin Narodowość

Polska
Nationality Przynależność państwowa

mojżeszowe
Religion Wyznanie

Domiceled on the 1st of September 1939
Zamieszkały w dniu 1 września 1939
in Warszawie
w

S. B

Occupation Zaw

The bearer of this
30/4.1943 to
from the Concentr
Okaziciel tego do
nym od 30/4.1
przez Wojska Sp
Gruchau
Certified by the o
Poświadczenie or

Certified by the li
Poświadczenie ofi

Certified by Amer
Poświadczenie wł

D
№ 0

Lekarz
Occupation Zawód

The bearer of this pass was German political prisoner from
30/4.1943 to 1/5.45 liberated by Allied Forces
from the Concentration Camp Gruchau
Okaziciel tego dowodu był niemieckim więźniem politycznym od 30/4.1943 do 1/5.45 i został uwolniony
przez Wojska Sprzymierzone z Obozu Koncentracyjnego
Gruchau w Gorrnesch Pasteur.
Certified by the organization (Cert. № 2002)
Poświadczenie organizacji

Certified by the liaison officer
Poświadczenie oficera łącznikowego

POL. LIAISON OFFICER U. Fs.
(FSL) LAGZN. „R" P. 2011

Certified by American authorities
Poświadczenie władz amerykańskich

E. Schubert
Deputy Director UNRRA Team No. 90

№ 00569

Nr..5003 b 31

Bayerisches Staatsministerium des Innern. München, den 9. März 1946

An

Herrn Dr.Henryk Gliniewiecki,

Garmisch-Partenkirchen

Münchenerstr.4.

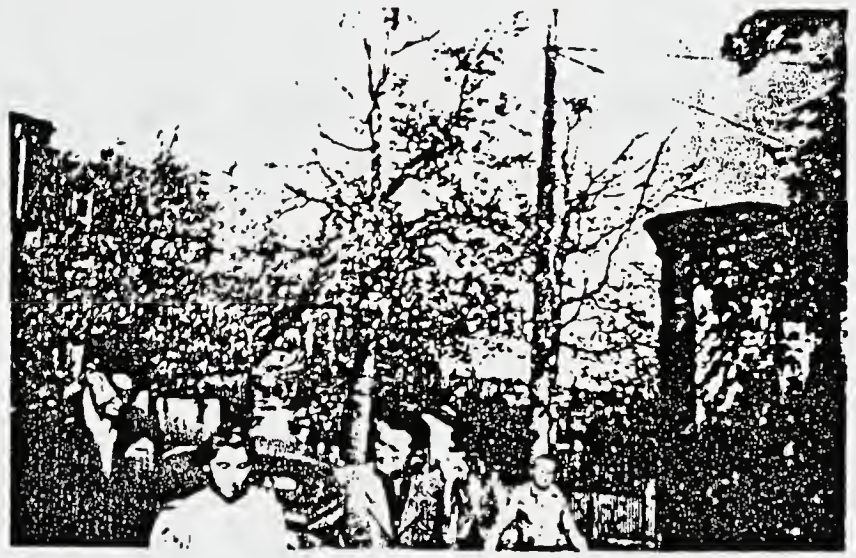
Betreff: Ausübung der ärztlichen Tätigkeit in Bayern.
Zum Gesuch vom 1. März 1946.

Hiermit erteile ich Ihnen die vorübergehende und jederzeit widerrufliche Erlaubnis zur Ausübung des ärztlichen Berufes innerhalb des Landes Bayern mit der Maßgabe, daß Sie nur als Assistent in einer chirurgischen oder gynäkologischen Abteilung eines Krankenhauses oder einer Klinik unter verantwortlicher Leitung eines Facharztes für Chirurgie bezw. Frauenkrankheiten und Geburtshilfe nach Weisung der Bayer. Landesärztekammer, München, tätig sein dürfen. Ihre Niederlassung als Arzt mit eigener Praxis ist nicht zulässig. Diese Erlaubnis gilt bis zum 1. Juli 1946. Sie erlischt, wenn Sie das Land Bayern -nicht nur vorübergehend- verlassen oder Ihren Wohnsitz in Bayern aufgegeben haben.

I.A.

(Dr. Seiffert)

Temporary permit granted by the Ministry of Interior of Bavaria to practice medicine and surgery in Bavaria in a hospital or clinic under the supervision of a licensed physician. Valid till July 1, 1946



Dwight D. Eisenhower

WALKING WITH GEN. EISENHOWER DURING HIS VISIT OF D.P. CAMP IN STUTTGART, OCTOBER 1945

CERTIFICATE.

It is hereby certified that

Mr./Mrs. Dr. Gronemann Henry

takes part on the Conference of the delivered Jewish Doctors of the American Zone taken place

the 9th, 10th and 11th February 1946

in LANDSBERG.

ORGANISATION-COMMITTEE

The bearer is authorized to violate curfew restrictions during dates of conference shown on reverse side.

MARSHALL L. MOTT III
CAPT. C.W. S.
DIRECTOR MG DET. H. 287

MIL GOVT
DETACH
H-287
LANDSBERG
LECH
KREIS

1. Cusamenfor

fun di idisze dokteirim in der amerikaner zone

Landsberg, 9. II. 1946 — 11. II. 1946

PROGRAM

1st Meeting

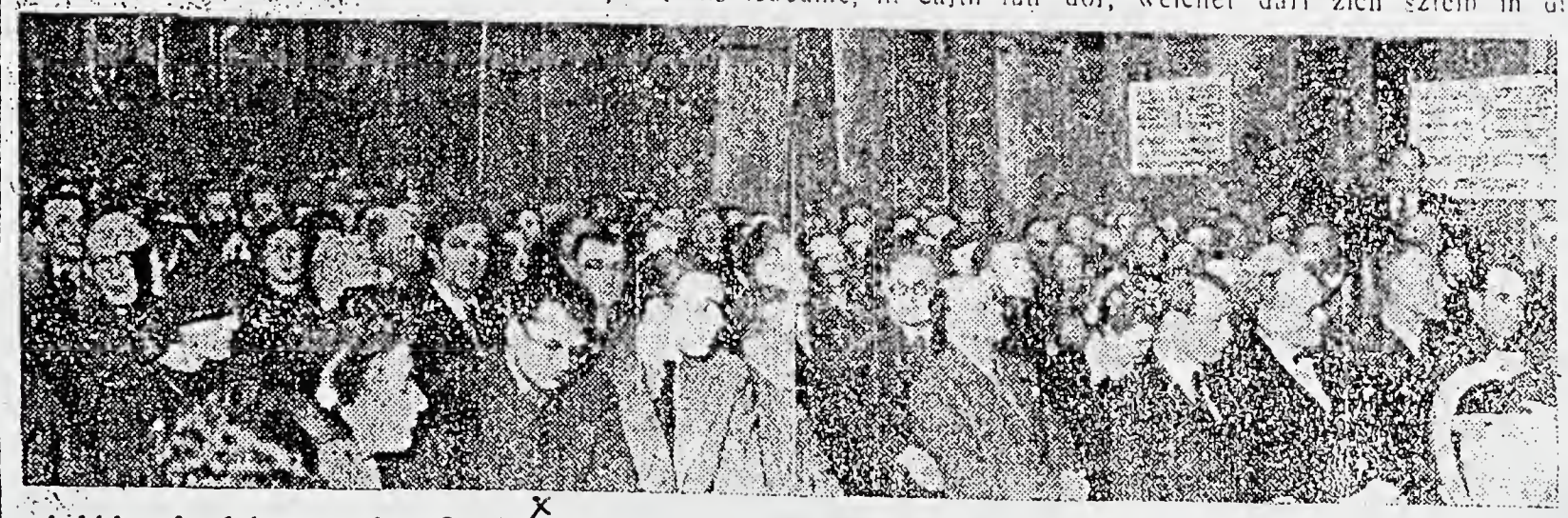
of Jewish Doctors in the American Zone

Landsberg, Febr. 9th 1946 — Febr. 11th 1946

wajter bakumt a wort cum bagrisn der UNRRA-doktor bajm landsberger jidiszn szpitol

gezeen. Ir zajt arojs fun di koncen-tracje-lagern nyt badekt mit tojtu-ticher, nor als lebedike, in cajtn fun

jidiszer doktor wet helfn gezunt-machn fizisz un gajstik dem jungn dor, welcher dari zich szteln in di



A blik ojfn delegatn-zal Ojf der erszter bank zien fun rechts cu links: Dr. L. Goldsztajn, der driter noch im der landsberger landrat Dr. Gerbel. wajter — der birgermajster Kolb

PICTURE IN LANDSBERGER-CAJTUNG

UNRRA-TEAM-502
STUTTGART

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Dr. GLINOWIECKI HENRYK. DOCTOR

IS EMPLOYED AT OUR CENTER

REGISTRATION NO. 817

THIS PERMIT EXPIRES 30. April 1946

SIG. OF BEARER

SIGNED Harry J. Lerner

UNRRA TEAM 502 STUTTGART

DP · DP · DP · DP · DP

DP · DP · DP

DISPLACED PERSONS PASS
and ex-Political Prisoner from
Concentration Camps

Dr. GLINIEWIECKI Henryk may be absent
Name

from Stuutgart West 668
camp Name No.

from ..... hrs to ..... hrs

and may circulate within an area not over ..... km from such camp.

No. 817

Signature
UNRRA Director

DIRECTOR UNRRA TEAM 502 STUTTGART

DP · DP · DP · DP · DP

DP · DP · DP

12

UNRRA Team 502
207 REINSBURGSTRASSE
STUTTGART

TELEF.
FREELANCE 93673

27 April 46

To Whom It May Concern:

Dr. Henry Glinovietsky was employed for eight months by this Team as a physician in our Displaced Persons Centers. He was at all times co-operative and industrious. Often he had to work under handicaps, such as lack of transport between centers, or great pressure of work with scarce facilities and staff. Yet he was always persistent in getting his work done and done well, to the credit of himself (also a Displaced Person, freed from a Concentration Camp in this vicinity) and to the advantage of the Displaced Persons. I recommend him as a conscientious and responsible person.

UNRRA DIRECTOR TEAM 502 STUTTGART

HARRY W. LERNER
Director

HEADQUARTERS
UNRRA TEAM 52
STUTTGART
ROTE STRASSE 2 A

January 31. 1946

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Dr. Henryk Gliniewiecki is employed by UNRRA since September 20. 1945 as a physician for the D.P.Camp Stuttgart-Degerloch.

D.P.Ausubel
Medical Officer

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF LIBERATED JEWS
IN THE AMERICAN OCCUPIED ZONE IN GERMANY

Tel. No: 480 878, 480 879

MUNICH, 4.4.1946.
Siebertstr. 3

Ref.: MB/RB Revisionskom.

Herrn Dr.GLYNOWICKI
S t u t t g a r t

Sie werden hiermit zur Sitzung der Revisionskommission, des Zentral Komitees der befreiten Juden in der U.S.Zone,höfl. eingeladen.Die Sitzung wird am Dienstag 9.4.1946 um 10 Uhr vormittags im Sekretariat des Zentral Komitees,Siebertstr.3 stattfinden.Ihre Anwesenheit ist dringend.

BURO UND PERSONALCHEF

CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF LIBERATED JEWS IN THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION ZONE MUNICH

TROPENGENESUNGSHEIM DES DEUTSCHEN INSTITUTS
FÜR ÄRZTLICHE MISSION IN TÜBINGEN

Herr Dr. med. Henryk Gliniewiecki

nahm vom 1. April bis 13. April 1946 in obigem Institut an einem

Lehrgang für

Tropenmedizin

teil.

Der ärztliche Direktor

J. Müller

CERTIFICATE OF COMPLETING COURSE IN TROPICAL MEDICINE

BREMEN
EMIGRANT STAGING AREA

~~Mrs.~~
~~Miss~~
Mr. DR. GLINIEWIECKI, HENRY
Surname First Name

Block No. A
Room No 32
Bed No. 245

DATE: 29 APR 46 W
Signature

Port New York **RECEIPT FOR DUTY AND IDENTIFICATION COUPON**

Cashier's Stamp

Passenger Gliniewiecki, Henryk
(Passenger will fill in)

Vessel SS Marine Flasher
(Passenger will fill in)

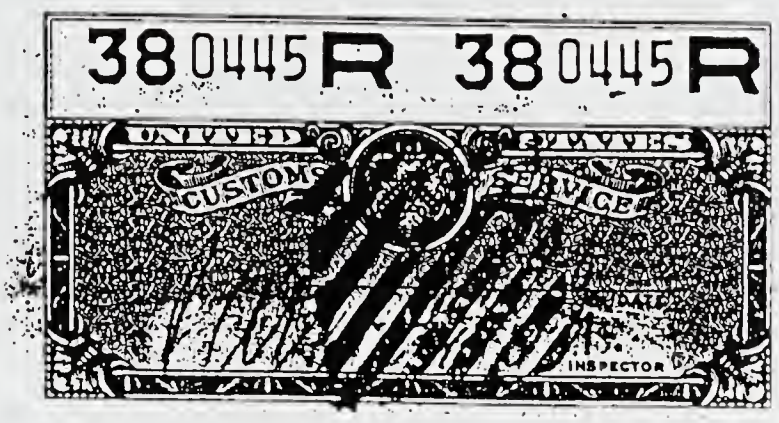
Amount due ($_____) _____
Customs Officer.

NOTICE.—Immediately on landing, proceed to the letter or section where your baggage is placed on dock. When all pieces are assembled, notify the Customs officer in charge.

WARNING.—It is unlawful for a passenger to give, or for Customs employees to receive, anything of value by way of a gratuity or otherwise. Offenders will be punished by fine and imprisonment.

Total pieces of baggage 4

16—23903-1 This coupon must be detached and given to or retained by passenger for identification if declaration is taken up before passenger leaves the vessel.



דער לעצטער טאג אין נערישט וועלט פרעד ראזן איז געפונען געוואָרן שולדיג אין שפיאנאזש

• • •

דער סאוועטישער קלאָר פראָצעס פון דעם אידישען קאָמוניסט קאָמפּאָזיטאָר, הקליגער פון ענקלעקס בעקומען פאר פרידמאנען פון בייטשעסטער פונדעם דער סאוועטישער רעגירונג.

טעלעגראפישער בריף פון נאצי־מחבר אין ס. ניגעריא

דר. קלעמענס נליקסמעקל

אַ מריבונג פאַרן פּאָלק

פרייטאָג פון לעצטער וואָכען פראָצעס פון משה.

אידישער דאקטאר פון וואַרשע, וואָס איז געווען אין מרעבלינקע, אשוויענצים און דאכאו, דערציילט זיינע אימבערלעבענישן

• • •

פון ת. שמע

פון וואַנען שמאַמט דער נאַמען „שיפער"?

פרעזידענטשאפט פונעם אידישן קאָנגרעס האָט פּרעסירט אויף שפּיטאָל, אַז ער זאָל נישט אויפהערן צו עקזיסטירן — פּרוּוו פון פּרעסירונג אויף די פּרעסע פונעם פּאָליטישן לעבן.

פון ב. מרדכי־אאס

מיידזשאר באום, דער „אנקעל" פון פילע אימיגראנטן, וואָס איז געמאכט כאימיט דורך זיינע ראדיא־פראגראמען

• • •

מיידזשאר באום

Reduced copy of an article in "The Day" 6/19/46

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